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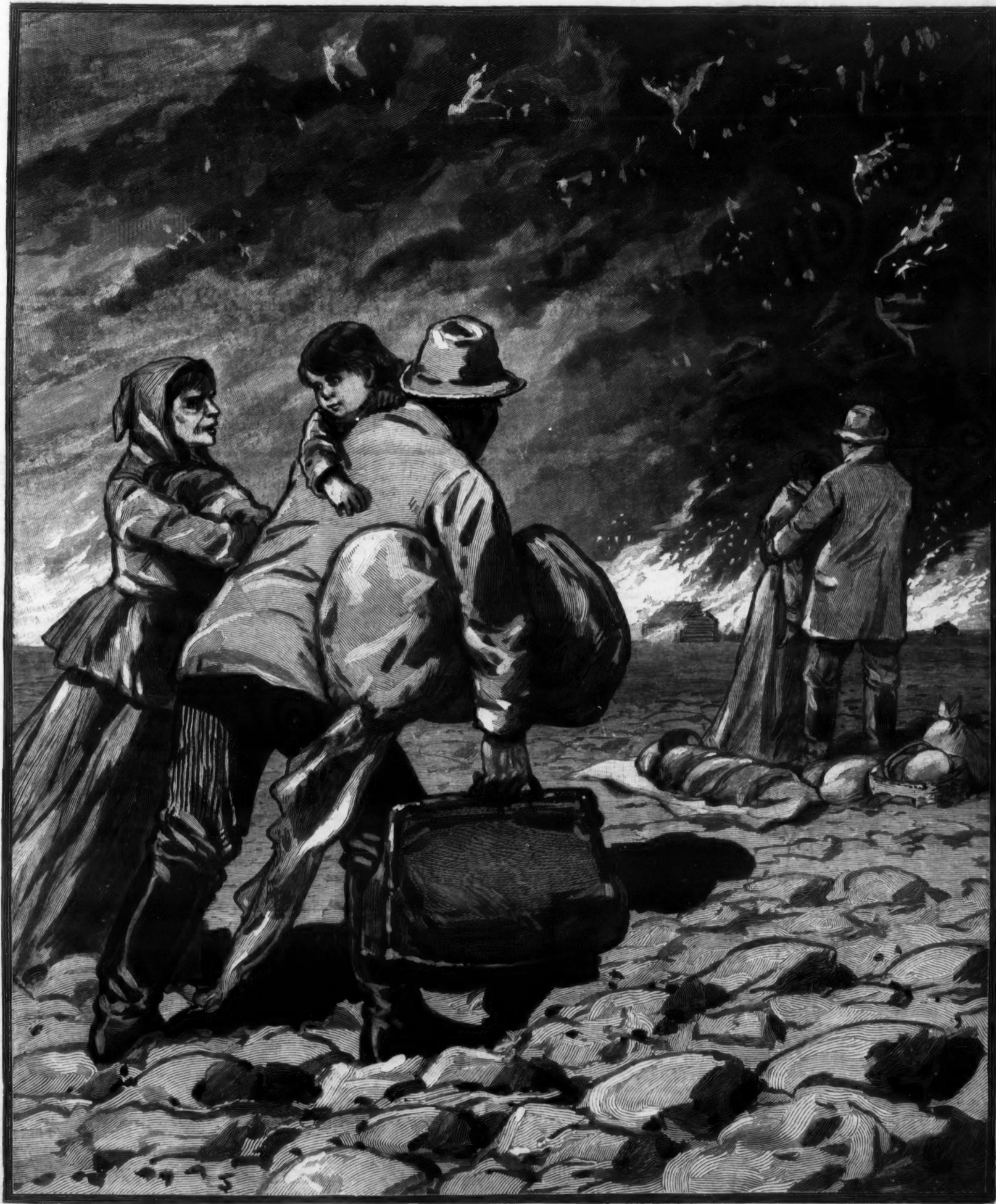


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DESTRUCTIVE PRAIRIE FIRES IN KANSAS—ENDANGERED SETTLERS TAKING REFUGE IN THE PLOWED FIELDS.
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN CASSELL.—SEE PAGE 150.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.
NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1887.

THE VETO OF THE HIGH-LICENSE BILL.

NO measure which has been before the New York Legislature this season has had such general support from good citizens, irrespective of party, as the High-license Bill. It, therefore, became an interesting question whether the strong moral pressure behind the Bill, or the powerful opposition of politicians and the liquor interest, would have greater weight with a Governor given to considering every question with regard to its relation to his political future. It was an awkward dilemma for this aspiring politician, but he has concluded that the decent people are less to be feared than the rum power. Nobody was much surprised that a Governor who disgraced his State by playing the demagogue to catch the Labor vote, and who has repeatedly shown his friendliness to the liquor interest, should veto the High-license Bill; and yet we think that Mr. Hill, even judged by his own selfish standard, made a mistake. For the sentiment of revolt against the rum despotism is stronger and more general than such self-seeking politicians realize. The "better classes" may be slow to move, but the honest and sober men are awakened now to the issue between liberty and liquor, and Hill's veto means the union of honesty and sobriety for his political destruction.

He attempts to defend himself, and his nervous reiteration of the two reasons which he cites shows that he is fearful of just resentment. He objects that the Bill is applicable only to New York and Brooklyn, and therefore discriminates against these cities and in favor of the other cities of the State. Yet, as has been pointed out, he did not veto Chapter 523 of the Laws of 1885, which discriminated *in favor* of liquor-sellers in cities of over 150,000 inhabitants. He did not veto Chapter 496 of the Laws of 1883, which also discriminated in favor of liquor-sellers in cities of over 150,000 inhabitants. Aside from Bills relating to liquor, he has signed others applicable only to New York, or New York and Brooklyn, fixing the pay of policemen and firemen, regulating street-car traffic, etc., showing that he has heretofore held that the size of a city is a reason for exceptional legislation. Moreover, he endeavors to make it appear that the exactation of a fee for license under this Bill is "with a view to revenue," and not with a view to regulation; and he claims that, since this means taxation, it would be unfair to impose taxes upon New York liquor-sellers which are not borne by others in this State. Yet he signed Chapter 555 of the Laws of 1885, which fixes the pay of police surgeons in New York at a higher rate than they are paid in any other city, or, in other words, increases taxation and imposes an additional burden in New York alone. He also signed a law making twelve hours a day's labor for street-car employees in New York and Brooklyn, a burden not shared by any other city; and he signed a Bill compelling gas companies in these cities alone to furnish gas at \$1.25 per thousand. These instances show the entire insincerity and inconsistency of his action. Yet he knows perfectly well that the excise laws are based upon a different principle from the tax laws, and that, as properly an exercise of the regulative or police power, these laws may be adapted to the conditions and requirements of different communities, and the High-license Bill was as proper for the crowded populations of New York and Brooklyn as sanitary regulations enacted especially for large cities.

Governor Hill's leading arguments, therefore, fall to the ground. As to the constitutionality of one clause making it a misdemeanor for any liquor-seller to have upon his premises any liquor other than that which he is licensed to sell, there seems to be some reasonable doubt, and the Attorney-general has given an adverse opinion, which may be law but is not common sense. There is no interference with the sacred right of property in requiring the beer-seller, for example, to keep his private stock of whisky elsewhere than upon his licensed premises. However, the Bill can be revised past question and sent to the Governor again next year.

For the present he has lost the best chance which he has had for showing himself worthy of his place; his friends the rum-sellers have scored a victory, and the success of reform and the cause of good morals and decency is postponed. All the Governor's actions have shown that he was merely hunting for a pretext for a veto, and that the right or wrong of the matter never entered into his thoughts. With him, public office has been, not a public trust, but a means of personal advancement. He has made a high bid for the liquor vote in his veto of this Bill; but it will not avail him, for he will never be nominated for a higher office, and he will leave the Governor's chair followed by the contempt of all honest men.

THE LONDON MEETING.

THE significance of the demonstration in London on Easter Monday is very great. It was as nearly spontaneous as any simultaneous action of thousands can be, since there was no time for preparing it, and especially since all the influence and the organization of the Government were used against it. There was nothing in

the movement to excite the passions of Englishmen against their Government. It was no protest of Englishmen who were injured in their English interests; but simply and unmistakably a demonstration by the English workingmen and peaceful citizens against a measure proposed by their own Government for the oppression and degradation of Irishmen in Ireland. No sophistry, no glozing, can do away with this fact. And the value of it as a protest cannot be diminished by any accurate counting of heads in the line of march. Whether there were 80,000 or 150,000 men in the procession is a matter of no moment. The number of those who sympathize on such occasions is to the number of those who join the ranks as 200 to 1. How many Englishmen sympathized with the soldiers that went to the Crimean War, or to the suppression of the Indian Revolt? And yet, if the actual force of soldiers were to be taken as a sign of the English feeling and interest in those great crises, who could entertain any respect for the pride of England in her national dignity and honor? An honest vote taken throughout England to-day on the question of whether the Irish should be put, as the Coercion Bill proposes to put them, without the pale of the law, would show results that even Lord Salisbury could not help understanding, cased though he be in armor of proof against reason. The weight of numbers even the dullest and the most wrong-headed can appreciate; and often they appreciate that alone.

The leaders in the cause of Irish redemption have the English people with them. This has been settled beyond a peradventure by the Easter Monday procession.

THE GREAT RAILROAD ROBBERY.

IT is scarcely credible, this story of the wholesale robbery on the Pan-handle Railroad; it is not creditable to the officials of the road that it should have been carried on successfully for from two to ten years without the detection of the thieves until they had carried off at least a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property. And there seems to have been little effort lately on the part of the thieves to conceal their plunder. Seventy-five out of eighty crews of freight trains were implicated. They carried the stolen goods in the cabooses, and appear to have taken very little pains to remove traces of them, in the shape of boxes, etc., when they were disposed of or stored with the Pittsburg "fences." They wore clothes made from the stolen fabrics; they kept the whisky they had purloined upon their trains and got drunk upon it; they smoked the finest cigars and had their pockets full of jewelry. And still it took three years, so Colonel Norman Smith, of the Pennsylvania Road, says, after his attention was first drawn to the fact that their cars were being rifled of their contents, before sufficient evidence against the thieves was obtained to warrant their arrest! And in the meantime the robbery went on, day after day!

These startling disclosures suggest some very serious reflections. What must we infer as to the average morality of railway employees, when seventy-five out of eighty crews of freight trains can be drawn into a plot for wholesale plunder—probably more than two hundred and fifty men—not one making a protest, so far as is known; not one having the courage or the honesty to inform his employers of the conspiracy! And it must have been known, too, to hundreds of others not in the employ of the railroad company. Is integrity such a rare commodity among that class of workingmen? We have not supposed so, but we must confess that our faith in human nature has been more nearly shaken, as we have read the dispatches from Pittsburg, than by any previous recent disclosure.

Again, those officials who invented or adopted a little lead seal for locking freight cars that, by means of a common awl, could be removed and replaced without leaving a trace that it had been tampered with, and who had continued to use it for years, though it afforded absolutely no protection to the property nominally sealed up, will probably prefer that as little be said about their part of the responsibility as possible. It is not a performance of which they have any occasion to be proud, and is not likely to be used by the railroad managers as an argument in favor of their relief from responsibility to the public whose goods they have allowed to be lost.

It is to be hoped that the punishment of these thieves will be made exemplary, not so much on account of the enormity of their crime, which, taking the conspiracy into account, is bad enough, but in order that the community may have some assurance of protection from similar depredations in the future.

ARCHITECTURE IN CITIES.

NO visitor from any of our Eastern towns to the comparatively newer cities and towns of the great West, and especially to Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee and Minneapolis, can fail to be impressed with the feeling that the Mississippi Valley and Great Lake region has eclipsed the States of the Atlantic Coast in its architectural styles, and is building cities in a richer, roomier and more expansive and attractive way than is now possible to be shown in the older communities. Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, if the large spaces assigned to its residences, combined with the perfect adaptation of its architecture and adornment to these spaces, and the imposing length of the avenue, are considered, is probably

the finest single residence street in the world. In Chicago, however, Michigan Avenue from Fourteenth Street to Fortieth Street, and Prairie Avenue from Fourteenth to Twenty-second Streets, present a succession of private residences almost every one of which strikes the eye and appeals to the taste with a peculiar fascination. Varieties of stone which are unknown in New York architecture, and which would greatly relieve the monotonous brownstone of Madison and Fifth Avenues, if employed here, are there in general use. A quality of greenstone, brought, we believe, from West Virginia, produces a soft and pleasing shade, far more agreeable to the eye than any other color used in building, and in all the Western cities has a marked preference. The difference in effect between Madison Avenue in New York and Michigan Avenue in Chicago could best be expressed by saying that, to bring the former into any resemblance to the latter, it would first be necessary to tear down all the twenty-five-foot-front six-story houses which compactly fill so large a part of Madison Avenue, and to give to each block from two to six residences, with grounds considerably more ample than are now allotted to the Vanderbilt residences and to that of the late A. T. Stewart, and then to adopt for the residence style of architecture something as much broader and more generous than the cramped-up, solid-block style, as that which distinguishes a tree of any kind growing with ample room on all sides, and getting sunlight and liberty to branch where it will, from a tree growing in a compact forest, all of whose limbs, except a few at the top, have died for want of nutriment.

In the northern section of Chicago, from the Lake westward to La Salle Street, and from Superior Street to Lincoln Park, the great number, variety, massiveness and richness of these private residences are perhaps unequaled over any like area in the world. On the west side of the city, Washington Boulevard and Ashland Avenue present city views of great beauty, but of less continuous and sustained wealth. We do not ignore the fact that Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Hartford, Providence, Newport and Boston have architectural features not very different in kind from those which appear with such prodigality in the great new cities of the interior. Perhaps the superb club-houses of Chicago could, in kind, each be duplicated at the East. But nowhere at the East are attractions of many and varied kinds, including elegant, ornate and spacious structures, solidity and variety of materials, large grounds, matchless lawns, abundant shade, wide streets well paved in a manner that avoids both noise and dust, found in the grouped luxuriance and imposing freedom that characterize Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee and Minneapolis.

Our Eastern architects and property-owners must look to their laurels. The effect observed may be partly due to the fact that so much of the wealth of New York, which seeks to surround itself with ample room and aesthetic display, is drawn off into the suburban towns, dotting the shores of the Hudson from Riverdale to Poughkeepsie with its palaces, and projecting itself out over Long Island and into New Jersey. To whatever cause it is due, New York is left, relatively, a plain, practical, humdrum metropolis of toilers, compared with these its younger rivals, with their pleasing vistas of gilded palaces and airy domes, spacious grounds and wide streets.

BUTLER AND THE SPOONS.

BEN BUTLER is neither an ideal statesman nor an ideal man. We certainly should not select him for a Sunday-school superintendent or a foreign missionary; and yet he is no fool, and, we confidently believe, no knave. He belongs to that numerous class of men whose bumptiousness always excites the strongest prejudices against them, and leads many to question their honesty. Ever since his memorable New Orleans campaign, when he held that city as in a vise, and made it healthy for Northern soldiers and unhealthy for the enemies of the Union, he has been accused of making private spoil of the valuable treasures of its merchants. Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, have believed that he was a thief, not that they had any proof of the charge, but for the most part because in their secret souls they were resolved to put down a political associate who, they said, had betrayed his party and left it in the lurch at a critical moment. But if a man can only live long enough, he is pretty sure to find an opportunity at length to repel a calumny. Such an opportunity came, a short time ago, to General Butler, and the quiet way in which he vindicated himself is at once amusing and instructive.

Upon the trial of a case in the Court of Claims the other day, in which General David E. Twiggs, of New Orleans, was plaintiff, General Butler was examined as a witness. General Twiggs sought to recover compensation for property alleged to have been illegally taken by the Government during Butler's occupation of New Orleans in 1862. The property referred to included the very spoons about which so much has been said in all these years. After reciting the circumstances of his occupation of the Twiggs mansion, General Butler deposes that when he was relieved of his command, he asked his successor, General Banks, to appoint a property commission, which he did. An inventory was then taken of all the property that General Butler and his agents had, and it was turned over to General Banks and a receipt taken for

it. As to the particular parcel containing the spoons, this is what General Butler says under oath :

"There is but one article that I have any distinct remembrance of which was in my personal possession. The bulk of this property not in use was stored in the Custom House, where there were large vaults, and among it was a tin box of jewelry, with a most ordinary lock upon it. My property agents at the time brought it to me and said it was very valuable; the Custom House vaults were open to everybody and it might be carried off. I thereupon took it from him, sealed it up carefully with the ring which I then wore upon my finger, and still wear, and took into my own safe, and when this inventory was taken I had it receipted for in the words found in the receipt, 'One tin box containing jewelry, sealed.' This property all went into the actual possession of Captain McClure before I left New Orleans. My property agent had to remain behind to settle up various matters, and I directed him to see to it that the chief quartermaster signed the receipt, which he did on the 1st of January, 1863. I have no other personal knowledge of what became of the property."

This will probably settle the spoon calumny to the satisfaction even of General Butler's accusers. It certainly ought to do so. The general has many faults, but he is not a thief.

THE COLUMBIA CELEBRATION.

THE centennial celebration of Columbia College was to many a revelation of the proportions to which the college has grown, and it also recalled Columbia's peculiar association with our national development. This may be said to be the anniversary celebration of the college's declaration of independence. It was a royal charter that brought King's College into existence in 1754, yet its buildings, then between Barclay and Murray Streets, were given as barracks to the American soldiers, and its Tory President was forced to fly from the city. The college suffered much in the War for our Independence; indeed, it barely existed for some years until after that independence was secured, and the charter first granted by a king was revived and confirmed by the independent sovereigns who composed the Legislature of New York, on April 13th, 1787. It is this act and the significant change of name to Columbia which was celebrated last week. The history of the college directly reflects the course of patriotism and national independence, as well as the growth of national prosperity.

Most of the college's property has consisted of New York real estate, and it has therefore held an intimate relation to the city's progress. The prosperity of the city has made the prosperity of the college. Columbia has been held to be the wealthiest American college as regards amount of unhampered income, but until within comparatively a few years it has been deemed by many outsiders that her great advantages were not fully utilized. The celebration shows the position which the college really occupies. It was not strange that her development was slow, for the period of new life, of aspirations towards university rank, began in our institutions of learning since the Civil War. Harvard's time of rapid progress dates from the accession of President Eliot in 1869. At Columbia, President Barnard was installed in 1864. He has divided the history of his college into three periods; the first and longest, called the gymnastic period, in which no studies were attempted but those leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts; the second, covering about twenty-five years, being that in which the union was effected with the College of Physicians and Surgeons and the Law School, and the School of Mines put into operation; the third, or period of university instruction, dating from 1880, in which year the valuable Graduate Department was established, to which the useful School of Political Science properly belongs. The college, or more properly university, now embraces seven schools; and it may be added that, although the instruction of women is not officially recognized by the college, yet women are permitted to profit by the teachings of Columbia professors, and their success in passing Columbia examinations is attested, if not by diplomas, at least by certificates.

Much stress is naturally laid upon the material development of the college. Its substantial buildings now fill the entire block between Madison and Fourth Avenues and Forty-ninth and Fifty-first Streets, and there are other buildings elsewhere. In a superb new library building are over 80,000 volumes. There are scientific collections of great importance and a finely equipped observatory. There are 167 professors and assistants who instruct 1,400 students. In addition to the graduate instruction, there are publications devoted to philosophy and science, and lectures upon literary and other subjects are free to all comers; and thus the lamp of philosophy is kept burning in the midst of a most materialistic city. It is because a college is necessarily less prominent in a great city than in a smaller place that Columbia's growth, not merely in material prosperity, but in the direction of a true and great university, has not been fully appreciated.

The last few years have broadened the college's usefulness, opened new fields for work, brought Columbia fully abreast of the times, and equipped her with many new opportunities offered to those seeking wisdom. It is probably true that no American college has advanced more rapidly within fifteen years, and the anniversary celebration will be a point of departure for a still greater advance, for Columbia's ambition is fully aroused. The college may not become the first in the New World, but the celebration has taught many that the metropolis of the country possesses a great seat of learning, of which not only every New Yorker, but every American, may well be proud.

AMERICAN SCULPTURE OF TO-DAY.

IN all parts of the Union there are now in course of erection statues, both standing and equestrian, of richness and variety before unknown in our history, and with scarcely any parallel for spontaneity in any country of the Old World. In the leading foundry in this city there are at this moment equestrian and colossal memorials in bronze to General Burnside, to be erected in Providence in May next, the work of Mr. Launt Thompson of this city; another to General Meade, to be set up in Philadelphia on the anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, by Mr. Calder, of that city; and a gigantic work in bronze and granite, to be shortly unveiled in Washington to the memory of Garfield, containing four colossal figures in bronze, besides a standing portrait statue of the general himself. In another foundry are being cast the figures of the great memorial to Washington to be erected at Newburg, while the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Montgomery, Ala., and that at Portland, Me., are in the hands of their respective artists.

Aside from this evidence of activity, our studios are replete with orders of an important nature, and an elaborate and costly memorial is about to be executed to Peter Cooper, to be placed in a conspicuous position in the city for which he unselfishly did so much. Nor is this all. Nearly a year ago Dr. Shady, editor of the *Medical Record*, and the distinguished surgeon who was called to attend both Garfield and Grant in the closing months of their lives, started a subscription among the doctors of the United States

to secure funds to erect in this city a heroic standing figure, in bronze, of the late Dr. Marion Sims, the founder of gynecology as a branch of medical science particularly appertaining to women, and also the founder of the Woman's Hospital on Madison Avenue, for which the great surgeon personally raised \$500,000. For such a purpose the response was spontaneous and general over the country; and in small sums, often as low as fifty cents, the amount has reached to over \$8,000. The project, however, has encountered unexpected delay. It is now nearly a year since six artists were invited to submit models of the distinguished subject, in competition, the committee consisting entirely of professional associates of the deceased. For months this committee was not able to come to any conclusion as to the competing sculptors; but finally its members mustered sufficient courage to order the models to be sent for their inspection to the Academy of Medicine, where they have remained on exhibition for the past two months. They were ten in number, embracing seven statuettes and three busts, with one exception all by well-known sculptors who have before executed public works. But the doctors, who proverbially disagree, could not in this case come to a majority conclusion as to which one they would select, and the consequence has been that all of the models have been thrown out, and the competition declared off, to be resumed again in the Autumn.

Now, what have we in this transaction? Simply this: We have a committee inviting six sculptors to expend in the aggregate \$2,000, in time and labor, in competing for an absolute order for a public statue, the possession of which order would not only add to the artistic renown of the selected artist in the whole country at large, but to his pecuniary gain in a satisfactory degree as well. But all are rejected, and these gentlemen are not only disappointed individually, but each has in consequence suffered also in his professional standing, and he has become imbued with a feeling that it does not in any sense pay to enter on an American competition for public work. And who can blame the artist?

This case is by no means an isolated one. It has happened again and again, to the detriment of American art, to the discredit of committees and to the personal discouragement and humiliation of the sculptors themselves. It was so as to the statue in Washington to Admiral Farragut; in that to Charles Sumner; likewise in that to General Thomas in the same city; and in many notable cases that could be cited. The result is that sculptors like Ward, St. Gaudens and Launt Thompson will no longer enter upon a competition, however attractive might be a successful result.

What is the sovereign remedy for this crying evil? It is manifestly in adopting the system of the Italian schools—that is, to offer cash prizes for the best three preliminary designs on paper; then for the committee to formulate the general features of a competition; then to open a competition to the authors of these successful designs for a plaster model, the best one to settle the outlines and decorations of the final statue or monument.

A GOOD many people who were inclined to be disgusted at the fuss that was made in Washington over the Whitney baby will excuse it all in view of the \$5,000 given by the baby's mother to the St. John's Orphanage, of that city, in commemoration of Dorothy's christening.

IS THE only decent business avenue in New York, historic Broadway, is ruined by an elevated railroad, the citizens will have no right to complain if boiler factories are established along Fifth Avenue, rolling mills in Madison Avenue, and oil refineries in Central Park. Yet it seems likely that this road will be built. New Yorkers obey the injunction to worship only one God, but his name is Mammon.

ONE interesting and unusual feature of the Columbia celebration was the bestowal of honorary degrees upon three women. Alice Elvira Freeman, President of Wellesley College, and Amelia Blandford Edwards, Archaeologist and Secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, were honored with the degree of Doctor of Letters. Maria Mitchell, Astronomer and Director of the Vassar College Observatory, received the degree of Doctor of Laws. The attainments of these women certainly entitled them to this recognition, and it shows a progressive spirit.

SECRETARY LAMAR says that the "boom" in the South is felt only in the cities, and is not shared by the agricultural sections, nor by those cities, even, like Savannah, Charleston, Mobile and New Orleans, which are dependent upon the agriculture of the country for their prosperity. The population of the South is increasing about twice as fast as the cotton crop, and the farmers are not holding their own. If this is so, the future of the greater part of the South, which is entirely dependent on agriculture, is not as bright as we have been accustomed to anticipate. The development of the mineral resources of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee may mean, after all, only an extension of the North over comparatively a small part of the South.

IT is positively stated in a telegram from St. Petersburg that a settlement of the Afghan Question has been effected between the Government of Great Britain and that of the Czar of Russia. If such settlement is based on the condition stated in the dispatch, England has not pushed her claims to such an extent as was her wont some time ago. We are informed that, by the terms of this settlement, the Government of England assents to the Russian demand for that branch of the Oxus now held by the Afghans, in exchange for which concessions will be made of territory on the northwest frontier. What the British Government really desired, however, was the control of both the part of the Oxus referred to and the territory given in exchange for it besides. The settlement, therefore, can scarcely be regarded as a final one, and, aside from the feelings of the Afghans in the matter, is not likely to be entirely satisfactory to either England or Russia.

"THE RUSSIANS AT HOME" is the title of a very interesting letter written by Theodore Cahu, an ex-cavalry officer of the French Army, who spent a long time in Russia. He characterizes the Russian police as "stupid," and declares that if the attempt to assassinate the Czar on March 13th last was not a success, it was not the fault of "this stupid police." "The people often speak," he says, "of the measures with which the Emperor of Russia has surrounded himself in order to protect his life, but if the Russian police were really skillful, they could easily be diminished." It appears, however, that the real fear of the police of Russia is not that the Czar will be killed, but that their own numbers will be reduced; and hence, as M. Cahu states, they are continually discovering mythical plots for the purpose of demonstrating their usefulness to the Emperor. And yet he declares what was generally believed before, that in spite of this vigilance the only real attempt on the life of Alexander III. since the death of his father was that of last March, which, as is known, was frustrated, not by detectives, but

by a simple police constable, who saw the act, and at once threw himself upon the would-be assassin. It is well known that the Russian police take from the bags of travelers the most inoffensive books, and even old newspapers wrapped around their shoes, and that they do not permit letters addressed to strangers outside of Russia to pass over the frontier until they have been opened and read. But nothing has ever been discovered by this watchfulness, while the real plots, when they were planned, were unknown to the detectives, and were discovered only after some overt act had been committed, or an assault upon life or property had been made. For some time past those near the Czar have been considering the advisability of diminishing the guards about his person, and he agreed to the step himself. But General Federoff has made a careful examination of the bomb used in the attack on the Emperor's life, and has found that it contained a large number of rudely manufactured balls poisoned with strichnine, so the force is to be kept up.

THE last Quarterly Report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that the consumption of distilled spirits, domestic and imported, in this country, has increased from 43,000,000 gallons in 1840 to 72,000,000 in 1886; of wines, from 4,800,000 gallons to 22,000,000; and of malt liquors from 23,000,000 to 642,000,000. The consumption per capita during the same period decreased as regards distilled spirits from about two and a half gallons to about one and a quarter gallons; and increased as regards wines from .29 to .38 gallon, and malt liquors from less than one and a half to more than eleven gallons. The present average expenditure in this country per annum for malt and spirituous liquors and beer at retail is in round numbers \$700,000,000. The drinking population being estimated to be (in 1886) 14,925,417, the average expenditure per capita appears to be \$45.90. The significant fact is also shown that the wholesale cost of the liquors for which the retailers receive \$700,000,000 is not more than \$300,000,000.

LORD LANSDOWNÉ, the Governor-general of Canada, does not seem to possess any more sense of safety on this continent than if he were living among his tenants in Ireland, and he is perhaps almost as expensive to the tax-payers of the Dominion as if he lived in Ireland. He lives in retirement and is seldom seen beyond the precincts of his residence at Rideau Hall, where military guards patrol the grounds and sentries do duty as if the place were a beleaguered fort. Every precaution is taken for fear of an attack on his person. It will be remembered that a large number of evictions were effected on the Lansdowne estates in Ireland not long ago. The Marquis is now reported as having determined to continue the evictions. The law, he declares, must be enforced unless the rents are paid, although it has been shown that much of the land is too poor to yield an adequate support to the cultivators, to say nothing of the rent he claims. Perhaps one of the best proofs that the land system in Ireland needs remodeling is that it has produced so many cases of which that on the Lansdowne estates is but a sample.

AS THE time for celebrating Queen Victoria's Jubilee approaches the dissatisfaction among the English people at the general arrangements completed and in progress widely increases. The latest cause for discontent is found in the method of procedure to be observed in connection with a series of banquets to which the Knights of the various British Orders have been invited in St. James's Palace, London. The general complaint is against the almost incredible parsimony shown in the preliminary arrangements for the banquets, the first of which takes place this week, and is to be attended by the Knights of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In connection with this banquet each Knight will be expected to pay a certain sum as the price of his seat at the royal dinner-table, which is naturally regarded as a strangely mean way of beginning to celebrate the Jubilee. The grumbling over the matter is noisy, and men who put no very great value on the money itself do not hesitate to declare their disapproval of the method to be adopted in carrying out the whole project, while not a few express positive disgust at the whole affair. From the beginning the scheme seems to have been engineered on the same niggardly plan.

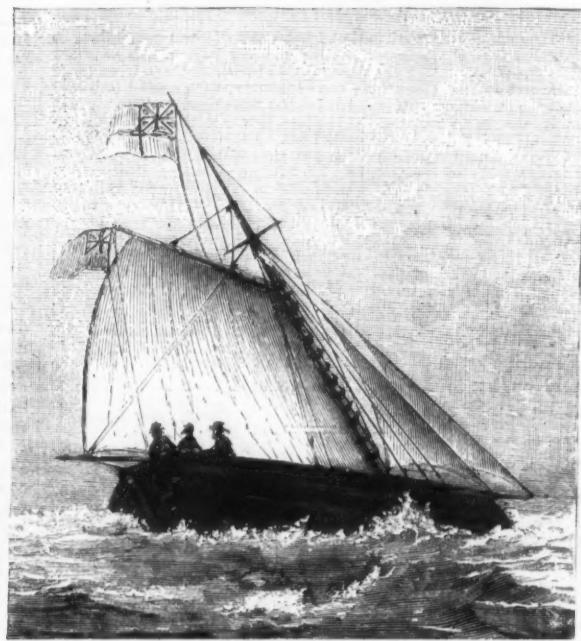
THESE are exciting times in the British House of Commons. During the debate on the second reading of the Crimes Bill, last Friday night, a brutal attack was made upon the honor of the Nationalist representatives by Major Saunderson, the Conservative member from Belfast. He declared that the National League was supported mainly by criminals and dynamiters across the Atlantic, and charged the followers of Mr. Parnell with associating with murderers. Stung by the insult, Mr. Healy sprang to his feet, and spoke the feelings of his colleagues by giving the accuser the lie direct. An uproar then ensued. A division was taken, and Mr. Healy was suspended for a week. Mr. Sexton then manned the breach; and when Major Saunderson repeated his charge in another allusion to the Phoenix Park assassinations, he was again called a "wilful, cowardly liar," and roundly threatened with a thrashing. Something had to be done, and the Speaker pointedly asked Major Saunderson if he charged Mr. Sexton with associating with murderers. After an attempt at evasion, the former withdrew his objectionable utterances, whereupon his Nationalist challenger did as much on his own side, at the same time giving notice that at the next sitting he would move that the suspension of Mr. Healy be revoked. It appears from the outcome of this extraordinary scene that Speaker Peel can be impartial—under compulsion.

TORTUGA ISLAND, on which England has fixed longing eyes, lies off the N. W. coast of Hayti, in 20° N. Lat. and 72° 36' W. Lon. It is about twenty-two miles long, and five broad. It was long ago a stronghold of pirates and filibusters, and possesses, it need scarcely be said, excellent harbors. If there were any doubt on this point, the proposed annexation of the island by England in lieu of \$1,000,000, due to certain of her subjects by the Hayti Government, would set it at rest. That England wants the island and not the money is self-evident, and it is far from gratifying to our national pride to reflect that if she does not take what she wants, she will be prevented, not by Hayti, nor by the United States, but by France. The French Government proposes to mediate between England and Hayti, and England will find herself practically compelled, to her great regret, to accept the mediation. It would not be wise to quarrel with France at this time, though the Afghan Question is settled once more. There is food for wholesome reflection in the incident, and members of Congress, now presumably at leisure, would do well to profit by it. The Monroe Doctrine is excellent as a bugbear, but it has been shown too often with very little behind it; and a few efficient men-of-war would save us a great outlay of declamation and froth, and not a little humiliation. England would scarcely be so ready to take even Hayti by the throat, if the American flag, floating on a formidable war-vessel, were a familiar sight in West Indian waters.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 151.



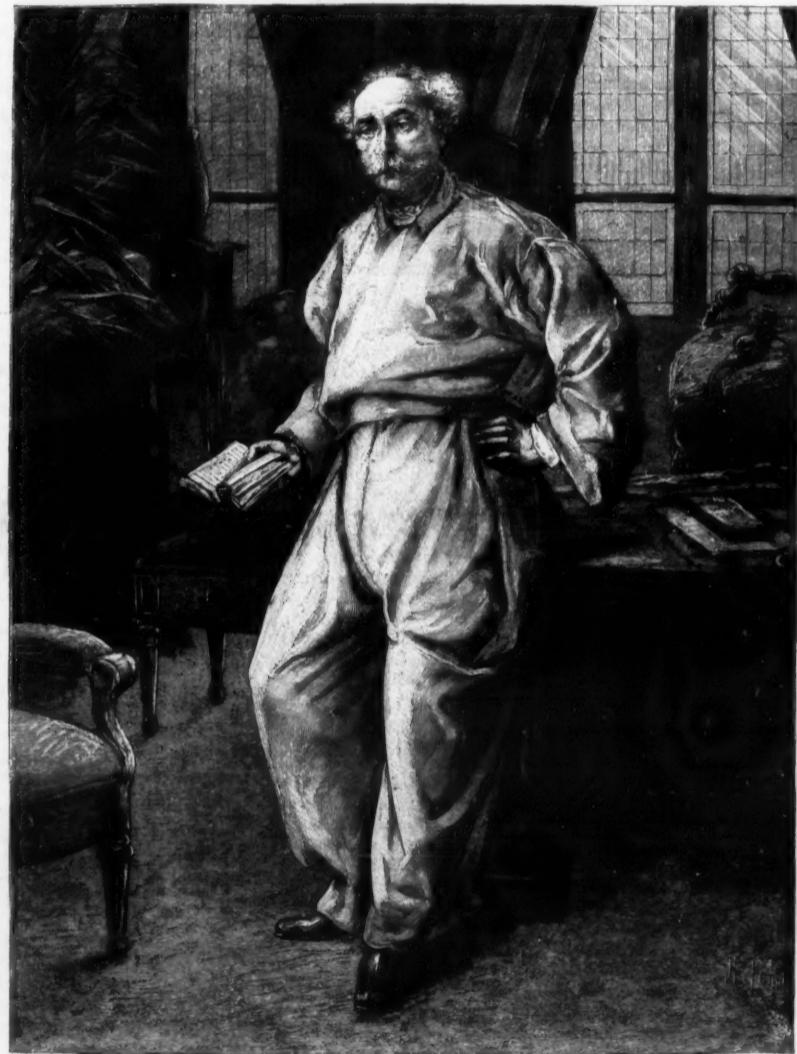
RUSSIA.—THE ANITCHKOFF PALACE, RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III., AT ST. PETERSBURG.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE "HOMeward BOUND" (20 FEET LONG), WHICH SAILED FROM PORT NATAL TO ENGLAND.



ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING THE OLYMPIA HIPPODROME MENAGERIE, LONDON.



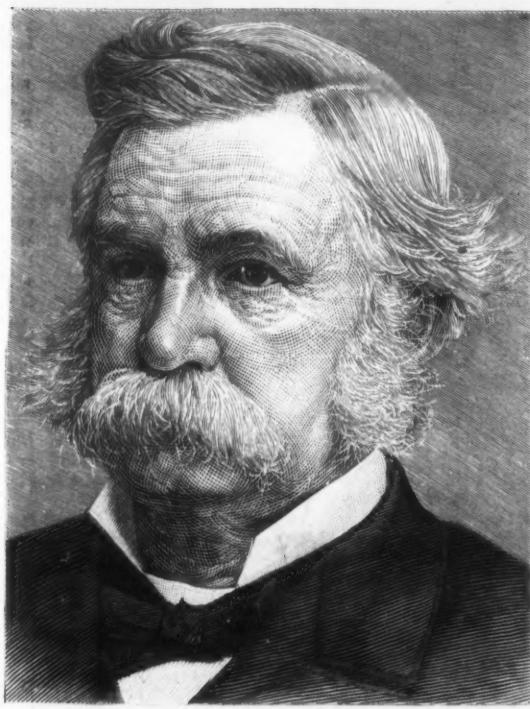
FRANCE.—M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS AT HOME.



GERMANY.—EMPEROR WILLIAM RECEIVING BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS.



FRANCE.—THE VILLA EDELWEISS, AT CANNES, OCCUPIED BY QUEEN VICTORIA.



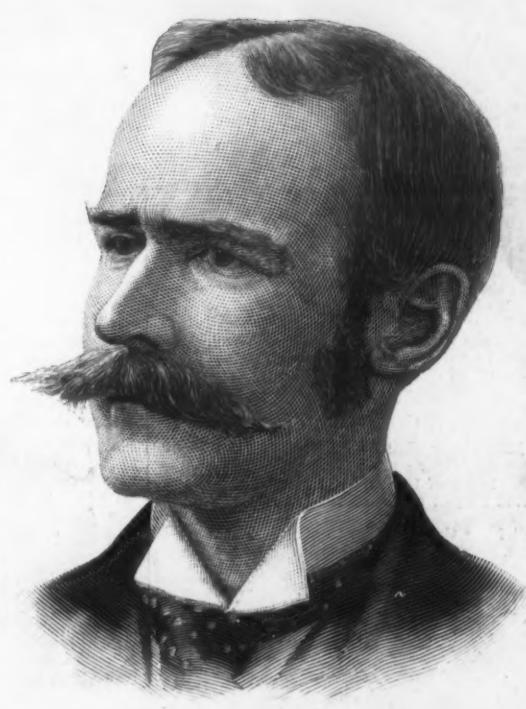
RHODE ISLAND.—HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, GOVERNOR-ELECT.
PHOTO. BY HEALD & GILES.

HAROLD M. SEWALL,

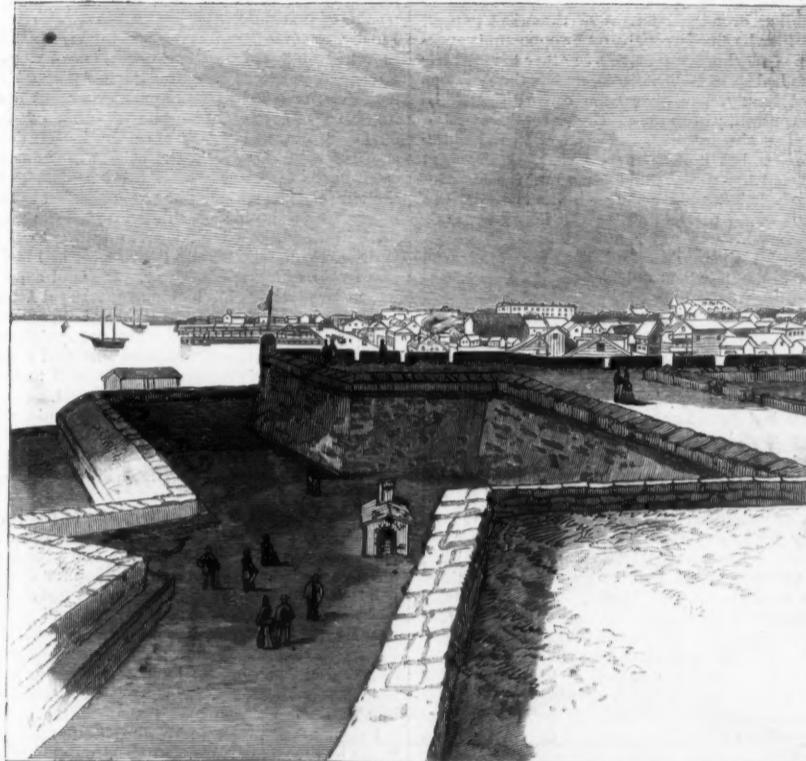
UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL, SAMOAN ISLANDS.

HAROLD MARSH SEWALL, the first Consul-general of the United States to the Samoan Islands, was born in the City of Bath, Me., in 1860. He was fitted for college in the public schools of his native town, and entered Harvard University in 1878. He was one of the founders of the "Harvard Union," was a member of the "Institute of 1770," and the "Hasty Pudding Club"; and was also one of the editors of the *Harvard Advocate*. He graduated with distinction in 1882, and immediately thereafter entered the Harvard Law School, where he completed the full three years' course and received the degree of LL.B.

In the Fall of 1885 he was nominated by Consul Russell at Liverpool as Vice and Deputy Consul, and was commissioned by the State Department accordingly, holding the office until March 26th, when he resigned to accept that of Consul-general at Apia, Samoa. This is a position which in the near future will be one of much importance in view of the international complications which may arise at any time from the conflicting claims of Germany, England and the United States, and which Sir Henry Holland made mention of a few days ago in Parliament as expected to be settled by a commission. These islands lie outside of the delimitation which has assigned to England, Germany and Spain nearly all the islands of the South Sea. Germany desires the protectorate over them, or else their partition, in which contingency she will claim the largest and most fertile. In this modest pretension she is opposed by both England and the United States, who desire the establishment of a native government—"Samoa for the Samoans"—with King Malietoa as head of the same. This, however, is rendered difficult by reason of dissensions among the natives themselves, which are encouraged by Germany, who hopes by aiding the rival king, Tamehese, to bring about such a state of affairs in these islands as will necessitate foreign intervention and the adoption of one of her not very disinterested plans to virtually become owner of the best, if not all, of the islands. Under these conditions (as they now exist), the duties of the United States Consul-general there will not be altogether easy. The last Consul-general was recalled because he let his zeal run away with his discretion.



MAINE.—HAROLD M. SEWALL, U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL TO THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.
PHOTO. BY PRINCE.



1. View of St. Augustine from Fort Marion. 2. The Old Spanish Cathedral.



FLORIDA.—PARTIAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, THE OLDEST TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES.
SEE PAGE 151.

and because the appointment ought never to have been made in the first instance. Then, besides, the Consul at Apia is a judicial officer, holding court and rendering judgments, which he is authorized to enforce. He also governs the town of Apia conjointly with the English and German Consul-generals.

The islands are very productive in all tropical fruits, cocoanuts, cotton and coffee being raised in great profusion with proper attention. American interests are large there, and the San Francisco merchants find in these islands a natural market for their goods. And besides these commercial interests, they are rendered important to the United States owing to their position on the direct route between San Francisco and Australia. We have a coaling-station on them—the harbor of Pago-Pago—where the climate is rendered delightful by the trade winds.

HON. JOHN W. DAVIS,
GOVERNOR-ELECT OF RHODE ISLAND.

HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, the Governor-elect of Rhode Island, was born in Rehoboth, Mass., March 7th, 1826, and spent his early years on his father's farm. In 1844, when eighteen years old, he was apprenticed to the trade of masonry in the City of Providence, R. I., where he has worked or carried on business ever since. His apprenticeship was for three full seasons, with the privilege of attending school during three months in the Winter, and taking books out of the Mechanics' Library of Providence. In the Winter of 1845-6, he commenced to teach, and during each alternate Winter for the six succeeding years taught public school and traveled as a journeyman at his trade, spending the Winter of 1846-7 in Charleston, S. C., doing contract work, and the Winter of 1848-9 in New Orleans, as at Charleston. In the Spring of 1850, Mr. Davis commenced a mercantile career as a dealer in grain, at which he has been eminently successful.

Politically, Mr. Davis has always been a Democrat, and an active worker in the party, serving on the city committees and the State Central Committee at various times. In 1877, he established his residence in Pawtucket, still doing business, however, in Providence. In 1882 he was elected to the Town Council, and made



WASHINGTON, D. C.—BARON H. VON ALVENSLEBEN, ENVOY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY FROM GERMANY TO THE UNITED STATES.—SEE PAGE 151.



NEW YORK.—THE LATE JOHN T. RAYMOND, COMEDIAN, IN HIS CELEBRATED CHARACTER OF "COL. MULBERRY SELLERS."—SEE PAGE 151.

President of that body upon its organization. In 1884 Mr. Davis was a candidate for the State Senate, but was defeated by Henry B. Metcalf, Republican, by a small majority. In April, 1885, Mr. Davis ran again for the Senate, and this time beat Mr. Metcalf by 280 votes. In May of the same year he was again elected to the Town Council, and afterwards its President. In 1886 he was again elected to the State Senate, while the other Democrats were all defeated by Republicans. At the last May session of the Legislature, Senator Davis took an active part in perfecting the liquor law by amendments, none of which, however, were carried. His name last year was prominently brought forward for Mayor of Pawtucket, but his appointment by President Cleveland to be Appraiser of Foreign Merchandise of the Providence district took him out of local politics. As a man and a citizen there are few in the State more highly respected, where they are thoroughly known, than John W. Davis; and that his administration of State affairs will be honest, judicious and above reproach, no one who knows him personally can for a moment doubt.

A COMPARISON.

WHEN I say what I think thou art like, dear,
How, how shall I picture thy grace?
When I sing of the soul I adore, dear,
And sing of thy beautiful face,

Shall I say thou art like to a rose, dear?
Ah, no, for each rose has its thorn!
Shall I say thou art like to a star, dear?
The stars all forsake us at dawn!

Shall I say thou art like to a picture?
A picture's too easily marred!
Shall I say thou art like to a gem, dear?
Ah, no, for a gem is too hard!

What dost think I should say thou art like, dear?
The sunshine? The fair skies above?
No, there's only one thing is thine equal,
One thing thou art like—that is love! M. H.

THE ARNOTT AFFAIR.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I HAVE been told so often that it was my duty to give to the world a correct version of the Arnott affair, that I have finally concluded to do so. So many exaggerations and such false details have been related concerning the events and the personages connected therewith, it is just as well that the plain truth should be told at last. It is a painful task that I have undertaken, for I loved Hester Arnott very dearly; and indeed I had every reason to do so.

We were girls together, Hester and I. We were related in some distant degree, and we were schoolmates, too, though I was some eight or ten years her senior. She was the only daughter of David Gwynne, the manager of the Theatre Royal in Stormington. He gave her a good education, did Cousin David, never meaning her to have anything to do with the theatre. But she had always a passion for acting, and for all things connected with the stage, so as soon as she left school she turned her attention to the drama. Mr. Gwynne fretted and fumed a while about her wasting all her learning and accomplishments by turning actress, but he saw that her heart was in it, so he finally gave way. I think he would have withdrawn his opposition earlier had Hester possessed either genius or beauty to fit her for her chosen path in life. But she was neither a great actress nor a beautiful woman. She was thin and pale, with gray eyes and light brown hair, and she had a tall, erect figure, that looked stiff and formal in any and every style of costume. But she had a good voice and trod the stage well, and she was very intelligent and persevering. Study as she might, though, she never got beyond mediocrity. She was always the kind of actress that stars like to have support them, always perfect in her lines and sure of her business, and ready to assume any character, from *Lady Macbeth* to *Lady Gay Spanker*, at a moment's notice. And she did well and acceptably everything she undertook. She never was ridiculous, or foolish, or exaggerated, but not one of her personations ever showed a flash of genius or even a gleam of originality. She was a good stock actress, and that was all.

When she was about twenty-eight years old her father died suddenly, leaving Hester all his right and property in the Stormington Theatre. He had two sons, it is true, but they had both emigrated long years before, and were prosperous landholders, the eldest in Australia and the younger in Canada. And as Hester's heart and soul were so bound up in the theatre and in her profession, he did a wise and just deed in bequeathing to her all his dramatic property. She was a thorough business woman, and took hold of things and looked after them herself in a way that soon made itself evident in the way of improved performances and increased receipts. All said that Miss Gwynne was on the high road to fortune, and that she would become a rich woman long before the time arrived for her to retire. It was just two years after Cousin David's death that I came to make Hester a visit. My health had broken down from overwork (I was under-teacher in a girl's school in London), and I wrote to ask her advice concerning my next attempt to get a situation. She answered at once, inviting me to come and stay with her till I had gotten strong and well again, and meanwhile we could consult together as to what should next be done. I will not attempt to describe all her kindness to me. If I had been her own sister she could not have taken more care of me or shown me more affection. After I had been staying with her for some six weeks, and had begun to talk about advertising for a situation as governess, she fairly took my breath away by proposing that I should remain with her permanently.

"You see, Jane," she said, "we are both alone in the world, and I have great need of some sympathetic and intelligent person to act as my companion. Moreover, I ought to have a secretary to

look over my letters and answer them, and to take charge of my business papers, and for such a post a person that I can fully trust is requisite. So if you will only stay with me you can be of the very greatest service to me in many ways."

Well, I was not proud, and I loved Hester dearly, and really thought I could be of some use to her, and so I staid. I look back on the three years that followed as the happiest of my life. I got interested in all the affairs of the theatre, and when Hester acted I usually accompanied her behind the scenes, and helped her dresser to arrange her costumes. During the day I acted as her secretary, or read to her, or went with her to rehearsal. We were scarcely ever separated, and I used laughingly to say to her that I did not know what I should do without her when the time came for her to take a husband.

"I shall never marry, Jane," she would sometimes say. "I am wedded to my profession and cannot commit bigamy. Then, too, I am too busy to think of such frivolities as love or matrimony."

One bright day in August, just before the opening of the theatre for the season, her stage manager, good old John Griffiths, who had filled the same office under her father and had known her from the time she was a baby, came to her office and informed her that the leading man of the company had been suddenly attacked with what his wife called typhoid fever, but which was in reality a sharp fit of delirium tremens. "And if you'll take my advice, Miss Hester, you'll just give him his dismissal at once. He's a talented fellow, but he's got so dissipated that there is no use in putting up with him any further. We had best look about at once for some one to replace him."

"That is true, Griffiths. Suppose we try to get Scott Tracy?"

"He has gotten a London engagement."

"Where is Henry Hamilton?"

"On a tour with the 'Glittering Gold' company."

"What has become of Morton Hastings?"

"He went to America with the Guernsey Gilliflower."

"Can you suggest no one yourself, Griffiths? You see we cannot waste much time in making a selection."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Hester, I hear that the company on tour with 'The Roman Lovers' have just disbanded, and their leading man, Walter Arnott, is out of an engagement. He is a handsome fellow and a very good actor. I saw him act last week at Leamington, and think well of him. So I telephoned to him last night to call to see you to-day, just to talk the matter over." And almost before he had finished speaking Walter Arnott was announced.

Mr. Griffiths had been guilty of no exaggeration when he called the young actor a handsome fellow. He was simply the most superb-looking man I had ever seen in my life; tall and nobly proportioned, with features of the fine Roman cast, clustering chestnut curls, and a pair of large and brilliant blue eyes that were wonderfully expressive. As he came slowly forward with the long, smooth, panther-like step that is the perfection of graceful motion on the stage, I could not resist a glance of very sincere admiration. As for Hester, I heard her draw in her breath as in a gasp of amazement. When I looked at her I saw that her eyes were fixed upon the newcomer with a strange, rapt expression, and all through the interview that ensued she was dazed and confused, and not in the least like her usual energetic, business-like self. In fact, it was Mr. Griffiths who finally settled all the details of the contract, and he asked me afterwards, rather anxiously, if I thought that Hester was going to be ill—she was so absent-minded and acted so strangely. I never did believe before that time in love at first sight, but I think now that Hester loved Walter Arnott from the moment that she first beheld him.

Once installed in his new functions, he speedily became a general favorite. Full of ardor and ambition where his profession was concerned, he showed an exquisite degree of tact and courtesy in all his relations with his comrades and the manager. I think he must have been born in the higher ranks of society, but we never learned anything respecting his family. At all events, he was that rare being, a gentleman by nature, in carriage and in manners. Then, too, he possessed one of those bright, sunny temperaments that seem to diffuse light and joyousness around them, and that attract more sombre characters with an irresistible force.

I try to do him justice now, for when I was under the spell of his handsome person and charm of manner, I could not stop to analyze the secret of his fascinations. I have often wondered since that with his beauty and talent, and refined, polished manners, he had never secured an engagement in London. Perhaps he did not wish to act there; possibly some family mystery in the background prevented him from appearing at a metropolitan theatre.

I do not think that any of Hester's friends were in the least surprised when, some four months after Walter Arnott's first appearance on the boards of the Stormington Theatre, she announced her engagement to be married to him. None of us thought the step an especially wise one, I am sure. He was six years her junior, and Hester was by no means the type of woman that could seriously attract a young and captivating man. Her property and her position as lessee and manager of a prosperous theatre made her a very advantageous match for the good-looking young actor whose sole resource on earth was the exercise of his profession. As for Hester, she was simply and blindly and insanely in love. Walter Arnott was one of those men that are born to be loved by women, and the strong, self-contained nature of his future wife rendered her passion for him all the more intense and absorbing.

They were married very quietly just before Lent. I commenced at once my preparations for

departure, and was in search of a situation, but Hester begged me very earnestly not to leave her. Her husband joined most courteously in the prayer, and so I staid. I was glad afterwards that I had done so, for I was of considerable use to Hester in the months that succeeded her marriage. She was so absorbed in mounting the pieces in which Walter desired to appear, and in furthering his wishes in every way, that her business interests would have suffered had I not been at hand to look after them. I shall never forget her look of ecstatic happiness as she surveyed her husband, dressed for his part on the night of the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet." He made an ideal Romeo, and indeed it always remained his best impersonation. But Hester ought never to have essayed the character of *Juliet*. She lacked youth and beauty, and above all, she had not the force of talent necessary to rightly impersonate the impassioned Italian maiden. But she could not bear to let Walter Arnott appear as the lover of any other actress, so she always insisted upon playing the heroine of every piece in which he appeared. Otherwise, she threw herself heart and soul into his interests, and worked hard on the stage and off of it to carry out his slightest wish. They had no children, which I think now was a great pity, for if Hester had had a child to love and to occupy her thoughts, she might have been aroused in some degree from her blind idolatry of her husband.

I must hasten now to the end of my story. Before two years had wholly passed there came a change—the change that all of us had foreseen from the very first. I suppose it was not in human nature for a young, brilliant man to go on yielding patiently and cheerfully to the monotonous exactations of a woman so much his senior, and whom he had never loved. But he owed all his professional success to her—and then, too, she loved him so!

I think she never knew what it was to have a thought or an idea apart from him, once their two lives were linked together. But he—we saw how he grew weary, and abstracted, and took to brooding over the columns of theatrical papers, and how he finally sought every opportunity possible of playing engagements in other towns. His fame had spread—his talents, no less than his personal beauty, had given him celebrity—and he was constantly in request. Hester combated these frequent absences with all her affection and all her influence, but both were powerless. Walter Arnott put her prayers and her anguish aside with the gentle inflexibility of a man who is resolved to admit of no possible obstacle in his pathway to success. He was never unkind to her, but he listened to her entreaties just as much as he did to the March winds outside the door. He was mounting the ladder to success and fame, and though his wife's hand had aided him to gain his first foothold, he had no idea of pausing in his upward progress because she wept and clamored down below.

He might perhaps have hearkened to her more if she had been less querulous and less exacting. There must have been some stormy scenes between them, but they kept their own secrets, for Hester would have died rather than say one word against her husband, even to me, her old and tried friend. But she changed sadly. She grew thinner and paler day by day, there were dark rings under her eyes, and she wore at times a wild, dazed look, that distressed me beyond measure. For there was madness in the family. David Gwynne's mother had died a lunatic, and I began to fear that, with this hereditary tendency, Hester's troubles might some day affect her reason. Still she looked after her affairs, and superintended the rehearsals, and acted as usual when called upon to fill out the cast, though her husband now very seldom saw fit to appear at the Stormington Theatre.

I believe it was chiefly to induce him to act again with her that she decided to mount a tragedy called, "The Gladiator of Ravenna," translated from a German original. The scene was laid in ancient Rome. *Thusnelda*, the heroine, is a Teutonic chieftain's wife, who has been captured in battle in bygone years, with her infant son. Her child has been taken from her and reared as a gladiator. Arrived at manhood, he and his mother are destined to figure in a grand spectacle in the Colosseum as the representatives of their conquered nation. To save her son and her country from such humiliation, *Thusnelda*, on the night before the performance, slays the sleeping youth and afterwards commits suicide. Walter was fond of appearing in classic costume, as it showed off to advantage his superbly molded figure and fine features, so he had acquiesced with much seeming pleasure in the projected production, and had carefully studied and rehearsed his part, that of the young gladiator, while Hester herself was to personate *Thusnelda*. She brightened greatly while the rehearsals were in progress, and for those few weeks was, I think, once more happy. Poor Hester!

But very soon after the "Gladiator of Ravenna" was brought out, matters assumed their former dismal course. It was not a success—it was too dismal in tone, too recondite in subject, to suit the general public. Moreover, the character of *Thusnelda* was far and away beyond Hester's powers of impersonation. She screamed when she should have been impressive, and ranted when she ought to have been tragic. Her husband's part did not prove sufficiently prominent to suit his ideas, and it was not at all sympathetic. He was a good deal put out at the amount of money sunk in mounting the piece, and did not hesitate to say that he should look about for a good engagement to enable him to recoup the loss. Hester no longer tried to argue with him or to persuade him to give up his projects and to stay in Stormington. But she grew paler and wilder-looking day by day. Her hands, when I touched them, were as cold as ice, while her head was burning hot. I used to bathe her forehead at the

theatre sometimes between the acts with cologne and water, whenever she would suffer me to do so. And from something that she let fall one day, I inferred that she scarcely ever slept at night. Indeed, as my room was next to hers, I used often to hear her pacing up and down for hours after we had all retired.

At last the final blow fell. Walter Arnott announced to his wife one day, in his usual gay, off-hand fashion, that he had signed an engagement to go to America with Miss Mabel Vincent to play the leading male parts in her troupe. "I hope that the Stormington Theatre will get along prosperously without me, Hester," he remarked, cheerily. "I should advise you to engage Stephen Hilliard to fill my place. And take my advice—do not bring out any more classical tragedies like 'The Gladiator of Ravenna.' I leave next week, so there is no use in changing the programme till after I am gone. The announcement of my farewell performances ought to be enough to fill the houses till then."

"How long will you be absent, Mr. Arnott?" I asked, seeing that Hester neither moved nor spoke.

"That I cannot tell. A year at least, and perhaps longer. It all depends on Miss Vincent's success in the United States."

I had never seen Mabel Vincent, but I had come across hundreds of photographs of her. The beautiful creature—she was, without exception, the loveliest woman that has in our generation appeared upon the stage. I knew what Hester was thinking about when I came across her suddenly, a few hours later, with a photograph of Miss Vincent in her hand. She was looking fixedly at the exquisite face, so different from her own, that seemed to wear a mocking smile as she gazed at it. Suddenly she rent the picture in two and cast the fragments of it from her.

During the days that followed, Hester avoided me in every way, and in fact, there was so much to be done in preparing Walter Arnott's wardrobe, and in getting all things ready for his departure, that I had little or no time to seek for an opportunity of confidential conversation with her. Finally, the evening of his last performance at the Stormington Theatre arrived. "The Gladiator of Ravenna" was to be given for the last time. The house was crowded in every part, every seat having been sold long before the opening of the doors. Hester was looking more like herself than she had done for weeks, and acted with unusual spirit in the earlier scenes. For her husband, everything that he said or did was applauded to the echo. He was an immense favorite with the public, and they seemed anxious to testify to him their affection for him and their regret at his departure in every possible way. A grand supper was to be given in his honor at the Royal Arms, our principal hotel, after the play, and there were wreaths of laurel with complimentary inscriptions in gilt letters on the satin ribbons that tied them, and other tokens prepared to be offered to him after the curtain had fallen on the last act.

It rose on that act in the midst of a universal stir of interest and pleasurable excitement in the audience. *Thusnelda*, crowned and robed for the mocking pageant of the morrow, holds her last interview with her recreant son. She vainly tried to arouse in his soul some gleam of patriotic heroism—he is nothing but a hireling of the Roman games, a gladiator, degraded and proud of his degradation. He craves her pardon for disappointing her aspirations which he does not share, and indeed does not at all comprehend, and afterwards he lies down to sleep, to gain strength for the combat on the morrow; and then *Thusnelda*, after solemnly according to him her pardon and her benediction, draws her dagger and approaches him as he lies sleeping in the moonlight.

I shall never forget the picture then presented to me by the young actor, as I stood watching the performance at the wings. The one ray of vivid light that fell upon him showed the perfect symmetry of his limbs, the fine outline of his features, the finished grace of his attitude. He lay on his right side, his head resting on one arm, his short white tunic revealing the noble proportions of his form. And through the shadows at the back stole *Thusnelda*, the gold embroideries on her crimson mantle faintly glimmering in the gloom. I saw the long, slender blade of the dagger flash as she raised the weapon on high; I saw it descend and smite the broad chest of the actor with no feigned blow, but with a swift and desperate stroke. There came a rush of sudden crimson over the snowy tunic, a desperate effort to rise, and then Walter Arnott fell headlong to the floor—a corpse! I saw all this, and then all sense of sight and sound fled from me, and I lost all consciousness just as the first shouts and shrieks from the audience gave token that the spectators had begun to realize what had happened.

The police had no difficulty in capturing Hester. She stood there like a statue with the bloody dagger still in her hand. As to Walter Arnott, there was nothing to be done for him. He was stone-dead, the sharp blade having pierced his heart. As to Hester—well, she is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, her insanity having been proved at the inquest beyond all shadow of doubt. They let me see her sometimes, but she does not know me, and is apt to become excited when approached by any one outside of her usual set of attendants. She spends her time in repeating scraps of plays, and in getting ready for an imaginary performance. She never pronounces the name of Walter Arnott, nor does she ever make any allusion to the manner of his death. But the quotation that comes the oftener to her lips is the wail of *Lady Macbeth* over the blood-stains on her "little hand."

KANSAS PRAIRIES ON FIRE.

A PRAIRIE fire, started near Nicodemus, Graham County, Kan., and spreading in different directions, devastated a large tract of

country during the early part of last week, and destroyed a dozen or more human lives. The flames swept northwest from Norton County, destroying everything in a path over fifty miles long and in places from two and a half to seven miles wide—a great roaring sea of flame rolling in tremendous sheets under the impetus of a high wind. Starting on the South Fork of the Solomon River in Graham County, the fire swept north to the North Fork, which it crossed at Edmond, a station on the Central Branch Railroa d, in Norton County, and at last accounts it was still sweeping towards the northwest diagonally across Norton County, in the direction of Decatur, the adjoining county on the west, carrying destruction and death in its path. Thousands of head of stock of all kinds have been burnt, and thousands of tons of hay, corn and wheat, and from 100 to 175 houses and barns have been destroyed. The people living along the line of the fire have been left homeless and destitute. In many cases, like that illustrated in our picture, whole families narrowly escaped destruction by taking refuge in the middle of large plowed fields, where the flames could find nothing to feed upon.

THE LATE JOHN T. RAYMOND.

THE sudden death of the favorite comedian, John T. Raymond, at Evansville, Ind., on Sunday, the 10th inst., is sincerely mourned by hosts of personal friends in and out of "the profession," and by the entire theatre-going public. In the character of *Colonel Mulberry Sellers* he had created one of the few distinctively American comedy types that will live on the stage.

Raymond's real name was O'Brien. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., April 5th, 1836. In June, 1853, he made his theatrical debut in "The Honey-moon," at the Rochester Theatre, as Lopez. For several years young Raymond steadily applied himself to his profession, playing subordinate parts in the New England and Southern States. In 1858 he made his first hit, playing with Sothern as *Asa Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin." In 1867 Raymond crossed the Atlantic and joined Sothern, who was playing *Dundreary* at the Haymarket. He made a decided success, which he repeated at the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris. After playing another engagement at the Haymarket, and a tour in the provinces, Raymond joined the company of the California Theatre, San Francisco, under the management of Messrs. Barrett and McCullough, appearing as *Graves* in "Money." January 1st, 1869, when the theatre was opened to the public. When, on his second visit to San Francisco, an adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age" was submitted to him by Mr. George Dinsmore, of the *Evening Bulletin*, the character of *Sellers* at once caught his fancy. Late in the season of 1873, the play was presented at the California Theatre for the first time, and with instantaneous success. Mr. Raymond was for a time a member of the company at Selwyn's Theatre, in Boston, and made a great success as *Micawber* in "Little Em'ly." About eight years ago he played *Ichabod Crane* in George Fawcett Rowe's comedy, based upon Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Later he appeared as *General Limber* in "For Congress," and as the insurance agent in "Risks." The last rôle which Mr. Raymond "created" was that of *Samuel Tandy* in Mr. David D. Lloyd's "The Woman Hater."

Mr. Raymond leaves a widow, a daughter of Rose Eyttinge, professionally known as Miss Courtney Barnes, and one child.

The funeral took place at the "Little Church 'round the Corner," in New York, last Wednesday, and the interment at Greenwood Cemetery.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CENTENNIAL.

THE festivities with which the Hundredth Anniversary of Columbia College was celebrated last week culminated on Wednesday in the picturesquely parade, the impressive exercises at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the conferring of degrees. Early in the forenoon the college cry woke the echoes of the memorial walls, and the grounds were thronged with enthusiastic young students wearing gowns and mortar-boards, and decked with blue badges. About half-past nine o'clock a band of music marched out to Madison Avenue, and the collegians fell in line behind. A college procession is usually a lively affair, and this one was no exception, as the Columbia boys marched through Forty-eighth Street, Fifth Avenue, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway to the Metropolitan Opera House. There were banners, and cheers, and college songs, while attendant crowds and displays of the blue-and-white attested the popular interest in the event.

At the Opera House a crowd had assembled before the arrival of the procession of students and Alumni. There were many ladies, most of whom displayed the Columbia colors. The parquet and dress-circle seats had been reserved for the Alumni and their families, and the boxes for the families and friends of the Trustees and Faculties of the college and schools.

Suspended above the stage were two silk flags, the Stars and Stripes crossing the college flag, on which "Columbia" was worked in large letters. A grand chorus of members from the New York Oratorio Society, and the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, supplied the music.

The Faculty and Trustees of Columbia College, and the delegates from other colleges who were present as guests, also occupied places upon the stage. Among the distinguished people who were present upon invitation of the Trustees were James Russell Lowell, Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, William M. Evarts, John Bigelow, William Bartlett, Judge Daly, Allan Campbell, General W. T. Sherman, and Jesse Seligman. General Stewart L. Woodford, with an efficient staff of aids, was Grand Marshal.

The introductory address was made by General Woodford, and the oration of the day was Mr. Fredric R. Coudert.

Before conferring the degrees, President Barnard announced that he had received a munificent offer in the interests of the college. A number of gentlemen had expressed their intention of endowing a chair of Rabbinical Hebrew, and the donation would amount to \$100,000. The conditions of the endowment had not yet been discussed, but they would undoubtedly prove satisfactory.

Among the twenty-three persons upon whom the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred were: George William Curtis, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, George Bancroft, Andrew D. White, Amelia B. Edwards, and Alice Elvira Freeman, President of Wellesley College.

Twenty-eight persons received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and eight were made Doctors of Divinity. The Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor read an original centennial poem; and the sing-

ing of "Old Hundred" by the entire assemblage concluded the exercises. In the evening the college buildings were brilliantly illuminated, and a reception was given by the collegians, followed by a supper and a dance. The memorable anniversary, with all its features, was most successfully and enjoyably passed.

BARON H. VON ALVENSLEBEN, GERMAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

BARON H. VON ALVENSLEBEN, the Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary of Germany to the United States, is about fifty years of age, and unmarried. The name Alvensleben is an old one in Prussia, but the branch from which the present Minister springs is of comparatively recent creation. For two years Herr von Alvensleben was Secretary of Legation at Washington, from 1869 to 1871, under Baron Gerlot, when the latter was Minister to this country. After Herr von Alvensleben left Washington in 1871, he was appointed to a subordinate position in the Foreign Office at Berlin, where he remained a short time. From the Foreign Office he was sent to St. Petersburg, where he was First Secretary of the German Embassy. Subsequently he was the official representative of the German Empire at Bucharest, in Roumania. He was next transferred to Darmstadt, a minor position, as Minister to the Grand Duchy of Hesse. He afterwards was sent as Minister to The Hague, the Netherlands, from whence he was sent as Envoy and Minister to the United States.

Baron von Alvensleben has been in the diplomatic service for many years, and is in high favor with Kaiser William, having been appointed Chamberlain to the Emperor some few years ago. In personal appearance he is tall, and of average build; has a light hair, full mustache, beard and whiskers, and is beginning to show baldness.

A FIRE IN HISTORIC ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE, the most ancient city of the Union, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 12th inst. The flames broke out in the St. Augustine Hotel, which was entirely consumed. The Planters' House, and some other structures of less importance, standing to the north, were also reduced to ashes. Then the old Spanish Cathedral, a well-known landmark, caught fire. The roof and the chime of bells fell in with a crash, destroying the relics in the interior of the historic structure. It was completely destroyed. The Sinclair Block, and a number of other buildings, were also swept away by the flames, which were finally checked at Treasury Street. The loss on the St. Augustine Hotel is estimated at \$100,000. The total loss is \$250,000. The old Cathedral, one of the most interesting landmarks in the city, was built in 1793, and was in use for purposes of worship up to the time of its destruction.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

THIS familiar landmark of St. Petersburg, which is frequently inhabited by the Czar in preference to the vast Winter Palace, stands in the Great Prospekt, near the Fontanka Canal, and derives its name from the owner of a mansion formerly existing on that site. The present palace was built by the Empress Elizabeth, who gave it to her favorite, Count Basumofsky, and was purchased by Catherine II., for Prince Potemkin; but it has since reverted to the Sovereign. The Councils of State are held here, and here Ambassadors are usually received by the Emperor.

THE "HOMeward BOUND."

The little boat *Homeward Bound*, of which we give a picture, lately arrived at Dover, England, with a crew of three hands, having accomplished thefeat of sailing from Port Natal to England.

She looks anything but a capable craft to perform such a voyage; yet, during a journey of ten months, with the exception of touching at two ports, she was at sea the whole time, and in some very tempestuous weather. Her measurement is as follows: Length, 20 feet; depth, 4½ feet; breadth, 7 feet. She is only 4½ tons, and draws about three feet, the height of her gunwale from the water-level being about eighteen inches. The boat was built in accordance with the ideas of Captain Nilson, the owner, who states that his only motive was to prove that it was not impossible in such a small craft to weather the Cape of Good Hope in the worst part of the year. The other two members of the crew are Norwegian, and the vessel left Natal in May last. During four weeks the most tempestuous weather was experienced, and the crew's clothing literally rotted off them by being constantly wet; for four days the waves were frequently breaking over them.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME AND ABROAD.

During the past year or so, Queen Victoria, as is well known, has emerged from the seclusion which she entered after the death of the late Prince Consort. She is now frequently present at public ceremonials, and occasionally visits the theatre, or other places of entertainment. One of our pictures relates to an incident at the Olympia Hippodrome, shortly before the Queen's departure from England on her present visit to Cannes. A litter of lion-cubs were taken from the den and brought in a basket to the Queen, who caressed them as if they had been overgrown kittens. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg appear amongst the group of royal visitors. The Queen left for Cannes on the 29th ult. During her stay on the Riviera, she resides at the Villa Edelweiss, situated on the California Hill, where the Prince of Wales staid when he visited Cannes after the Duke of Albany's death, and which has been lent to her by Mr. Augustus Savile. Just below the Villa Edelweiss is seen, in our illustration, the Villa Nevada, where the Duke of Albany was staying, four years ago, at the time of his death.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

M. Alexandre Dumas, dramatist, social philosopher, critic and Academician, who is now in the sixty-third year of his age, inhabits an elegant hôtel at No. 98 Avenue de Villiers, Paris. In his study, as our portrait depicts him, he wears a loose, semi-Oriental working costume, something like that of his illustrious father as the latter appears in Dore's statue in the Place Malesherbes. From this study of M. Dumas two works have lately issued, which have made noise in the literary and dramatic world. One of these works is the Parisian comedy of manners, "Francillon," which has met with emphatic success at the Comédie

Française. The other is the address of M. Dumas at the reception of the poet Leconte de Lisle into the French Academy. On this interesting occasion, the work of Victor Hugo was analyzed in a manner decidedly iconoclastic. Dumas dwelt upon Hugo's superlative vanity, and denounced him as a *pouer*, declaring that "Victor Hugo would have embraced the Monarchy, if he had been able to become King; he would have become the champion of Catholicism, if he had been able to become Pope."

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY RECEPTION.

The festivities in honor of the ninetieth birthday of the Emperor of Germany, on the 22d ult., have been fully described, and to the descriptions our picture will prove an interesting supplement. The Emperor received the congratulations of his royal guests in the Empress's apartments, which were fragrant with piles of flowers, while an adjoining room was filled with the innumerable presents which the Emperor had received from his many relatives. This family reception did not last long, and the Emperor took the opportunity to announce the betrothal of his grandson Prince Henry of Prussia with Princess Irene of Hesse. At the close Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke were received, and an eyewitness aptly describes it as a thrilling moment when there appeared at the window these three men who have accomplished so much in common for the Empire. In the evening there was a birthday banquet given by the Crown Prince and Princess, and the day closed with a musical *soirée* in the White Saloon of the Old Schloss, where the scene was described as dazzling—"with the blinding coronets and necklaces—diamonds scintillating on Empress, Queens and Princesses. The Empress herself, leaning on a staff, was one radiant figure of sparkling light, and 'Carmen Sylvie,' the poetess Queen of Roumania, flashed from her neck and forehead a thousand dazzling hues, which even the Queen of Saxony's jewels failed to outshine." Between the acts the Emperor went round the room and shook hands with the various Ambassadors, looking hearty and well in his scarlet uniform of the Garde du Corps.

CUBAN HOTELS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cleveland *Leader*, who accompanied Senator Sherman's party in the recent Cuban tour, writes: "A Cuban hotel is a curiosity to strangers. The dining-rooms here face the street, and they are as open as though no wall separated them from it. The office-counter and the writing-table or writing-room are at the end of the dining-room, and eating, writing and business goes on inside of the same walls. This room, however, is a large square one, and there is no confusion. The dining-tables are of all sizes, so that one can dine alone, or a party of a dozen or more can eat at the *table d'hôte* together. As to decoration, the brightest of colors are used in the interior painting of the hotel, and in some rooms frescoes prevail. Red and skyblue are seen everywhere, and the floors of the chambers and halls are paved in marble and red tile. I write this letter in my bedroom. There is no plaster on the ceilings of these hotels, and the great rafters above me are as blue as the bluest sky. The windows are almost as large as the side of a room, and they are kept open day and night. The bed is of iron, and the mattress was never made of feathers. A framework extends on every *chambre*, bed, and we sleep in cages of coarse lace like that used for cheap curtains at home. Most of the Cuban beds have no mattresses. The sheets are stretched on wire springs, and General Bricco told me he had great trouble because the sheet, which was not bigger than a napkin, would work out from under him and leave his bare legs upon the naked wire. The rest of the woodwork of this room is as blue as the rafters, and every room seems to have its own bright color. Senator Palmer's room is red, and that of Private Secretary Babcock is as yellow as gold."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Brooklyn Tabernacle (Rev. Dr. Talmage) is to be enlarged so as to accommodate 1,000 persons in excess of its present capacity.

A HUNGARIAN gypsy band, which played on several occasions before the Czar of Russia, was not received with that frank confidence which does so much to make life pleasant. On each occasion their musical instruments were carefully examined by the police before each concert. The first examination lasted two days, during which time the complicated instruments were taken to pieces, and at each concert each musician played with a policeman stationed behind his back.

ONE of the novel features of the Easter manœuvres of the volunteer soldiers of England at Dover was the use of bicycle and tricycle riders as scouts. They exceed cavalry in swiftness, and are able to go much more secretly and to cross rougher country. When the rider of a bicycle would come to a fence he would climb it and throw his machine over quickly. Even in crossing heavy, plowed fields and marshy strips of land, bicycle-riders have outstripped the horses. Upwards of 800 bicyclists were thus employed at Dover as scouts.

THE new law passed by the late Kansas Legislature, which is intended as a backbone to the present prohibitory law, is playing havoc with the liquor trade in Kansas. The law makes it necessary for man desiring to open a store to have twenty-five women signers to the petition, and any person who buys liquor must go before a notary public and make affidavit as to what use he will make of it, and that it is not intended to be drunk as a beverage. As a result of the operation of this law, the traveling agents of wholesale liquor-sellers find their business almost entirely ruined.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 10TH.—In Evansville, Ind., John T. Raymond, the comedian, aged 50 years. April 11th.—In Watertown, N. Y., Lieutenant C. V. Morris, United States Navy, retired, aged 85 years; in New York, Abraham B. Miller, formerly a well-known member of the Board of Trade and Transportation, aged 64 years. April 12th.—In Wilmington, Del., the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, first Bishop of Delaware, and Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, aged 80 years; in Jacksonville, Fla., Captain James G. Wallace, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York, aged 28 years. April 14th.—In Lewisburg, Pa., the Rev. Francis W. Tost, Professor of Greek in Bucknell University, aged 52 years; in Indianapolis, Ind., Carl Schoene, one of the oldest German comedians in the United States. April 15th.—In Paris, France, the Very Rev. William Quinn, Vicar-general of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, aged 66 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOAQUIN MILLER has bought a tract of land near Fruitt Vale, Cal., and proposes to establish a literary colony there.

UNITED STATES SENATOR REAGAN, of Texas, has come out squarely in favor of the adoption of the Prohibitory Amendment to the State Constitution.

ERNEST LEGOUVE, the veteran dramatic author, is called the Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of France. We are glad to know that the genial Autocrat has a double.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will visit Georgia next October. He will go to the big fair which is to be held in Atlanta. This, with his Western trip in the Summer, may have a bearing on 1888.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU, of Canada, seems, after all, to have modified his opposition to the Knights of Labor. At any rate, he has withdrawn conditionally his mandamus directing that abolition be refused to members of the Order.

THE Washington *Star* learns that Señor Sotelo, who has represented Venezuela in this country for a number of years past, has been relieved at his own request. "No member of the diplomatic corps has more sincere friends," it says.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL's resignation of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the British Royal Institution, which he has held since 1853, has been accepted with deep regret by the managers. Lord Rayleigh succeeds to the chair.

"I suppose you went to see how Havana cigars were made?" remarked a reporter, interviewing Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox on her recent trip to Cuba. "Oh, I have seen that before," replied the Poetess of Passion. "I live in Connecticut, you know."

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, formerly Minister from England to the United States, sailed on the *Eltruria*, on Saturday last, to represent the English Council of foreign bondholders on the committee to confer on the settlement of the Virginia State debt.

THE President has appointed as commissioners to investigate the affairs of the Pacific Railroads, under the Act passed by the last Congress, ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania; E. Ellery Anderson, of New York; and David L. Lilley, of Illinois.

It looks very much as though Señor Diaz would be re-elected President of the Mexican Republic. A joint congressional committee has reported favorably on the proposed re-election of a President, and it is thought that Congress will pass the Bill, and that the State will ratify the amendment.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, unmindful of his eighty-seven years, is making a tour in the South. He is accompanied only by a body-servant. It is his intention to visit Mrs. Polk, the widow of the President, at Nashville, from whom he expects to obtain certain historical and biographical material.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER gets the most unkindest cut of all from Mr. Bancroft, the owner of the London theatre where she is playing, who says: "If I had known what I now know, I would have sent her into the country and had her play three months as Miss Jenkins until she had worn off her angularities."

"MENACED by the enemy, and saved by Hebelette, boulanger" (baker), is the inscription over one of the gates of the old City of Metz. The French inhabitants point with a smile to this tribute to the heroism of one baker and talk significantly of another. Before Bazaine, Metz had never surrendered to an enemy since the Romans fortified it.

THE President has just made two bright boys happy by appointing them cadets-at-large at the Naval Academy. One of them, Thomas Keillor, is a son of Lieutenant-colonel S. C. Kellogg, aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-general Sheridan. The other, Charles Jewett, is a son of Commander Jewett, United States Navy, and a nephew of Vice-admiral Rowan.

The late Anne Gilchrist noted in her diary the fact that Carlyle, "meaning to say something pleasant to Mr. Browning about the 'Ring and the Book,' remarked, 'It is a wonderful book, one of the most wonderful poems ever written. I re-read it all through—all made out of an Old Bailey story, that might have been told in ten lines and only wants forgetting.'

THE body of Abraham Lincoln was last week removed from the spot where it had been secreted since an attempt was made in 1878 to steal it, and placed in a new tomb under the monument at Springfield, Ill. The spot from which it was taken has been known to nobody save members of the Lincoln Guard of Honor, an association formed in 1878 to protect the body of the dead President. FIFTY theological students of Yale College have begun studying Prof. Loiselet's wonderful system of memorizing, which they believe will enable them to learn the entire Bible by heart. Mark Twain, whose memory had always been poor, took a few lessons, and succeeded in memorizing three columns of a New York paper, while riding from New York to Hartford. He says it will make a man remember anything except to pay his debts.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the recreant British Liberal, has raised a great storm in England by a speech at Ayr, Scotland, in which he bitterly attacked the Irish and defended Coercion. He charged directly that his former associates are in sympathy with the perpetrators of outrages in Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain has evidently "lost his level." Sir George Trevelyan, one of the Unionist leaders and formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, has written a letter on the Coercion Bill which is tantamount to a manifesto against that measure.

WALT WHITMAN's tribute

President of that body upon its organization. In 1884 Mr. Davis was a candidate for the State Senate, but was defeated by Henry B. Metcalf, Republican, by a small majority. In April, 1885, Mr. Davis ran again for the Senate, and this time beat Mr. Metcalf by 280 votes. In May of the same year he was again elected to the Town Council, and afterwards its President. In 1886 he was again elected to the State Senate, while the other Democrats were all defeated by Republicans. At the last May session of the Legislature, Senator Davis took an active part in perfecting the liquor law by amendments, none of which, however, were carried. His name last year was prominently brought forward for Mayor of Pawtucket, but his appointment by President Cleveland to be Appraiser of Foreign Merchandise of the Providence district took him out of local politics. As a man and a citizen there are few in the State more highly respected, where they are thoroughly known, than John W. Davis; and that his administration of State affairs will be honest, judicious and above reproach, no one who knows him personally can for a moment doubt.

A COMPARISON.

WHEN I say what I think thou art like, dear,
How, how shall I picture thy grace?
When I sing of the soul I adore, dear,
And sing of thy beautiful face,

Shall I say thou art like to a rose, dear?
Ah, no, for each rose has its thorn!
Shall I say thou art like to a star, dear?
The stars all forsake us at dawn!

Shall I say thou art like to a picture?
A picture's too easily marred!
Shall I say thou art like to a gem, dear?
Ah, no, for a gem is too hard!

What dost think I should say thou art like, dear?
The sunshine? The fair skies above?
No, there's only one thing is thine equal,
One thing thou art like—that is love! M. H.

THE ARNOTT AFFAIR.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

I HAVE been told so often that it was my duty to give to the world a correct version of the Arnott affair, that I have finally concluded to do so. So many exaggerations and such false details have been related concerning the events and the personages connected therewith, it is just as well that the plain truth should be told at last. It is a painful task that I have undertaken, for I loved Hester Arnott very dearly; and indeed I had every reason to do so.

We were girls together, Hester and I. We were related in some distant degree, and we were schoolmates too, though I was some eight or ten years her senior. She was the only daughter of David Gwynne, the manager of the Theatre Royal in Stormington. He gave her a good education, did Cousin David, never meaning her to have anything to do with the theatre. But she had always a passion for acting, and for all things connected with the stage, so as soon as she left school she turned her attention to the drama. Mr. Gwynne fretted and fumed a while about her wasting all her learning and accomplishments by turning actress, but he saw that her heart was in it, so he finally gave way. I think he would have withdrawn his opposition earlier had Hester possessed either genius or beauty to fit her for her chosen path in life. But she was neither a great actress nor a beautiful woman. She was thin and pale, with gray eyes and light brown hair, and she had a tall, erect figure, that looked stiff and formal in any and every style of costume. But she had a good voice and trod the stage well, and she was very intelligent and persevering. Study as she might, though, she never got beyond mediocrity. She was always the kind of actress that stars like to have support them, always perfect in her lines and sure of her business, and ready to assume any character, from *Lady Macbeth* to *Lady Gay Spanker*, at a moment's notice. And she did well and acceptably everything she undertook. She never was ridiculous, or foolish, or exaggerated, but not one of her personations ever showed a flash of genius or even gleam of originality. She was a good stock actress, and that was all.

When she was about twenty-eight years old her father died suddenly, leaving Hester all his right and property in the Stormington Theatre. He had two sons, it is true, but they had both emigrated long years before, and were prosperous landholders, the eldest in Australia and the younger in Canada. And as Hester's heart and soul were bound up in the theatre and in her profession, he did a wise and just deed in bequeathing to her all his dramatic property. She was a thorough business woman, and took hold of things and looked after them herself in a way that soon made itself evident in the way of improved performances and increased receipts. All said that Miss Gwynne was on the high road to fortune, and that she would become a rich woman long before the time arrived for her to retire. It was just two years after Cousin David's death that I came to make Hester a visit. My health had broken down from overwork (I was under-teacher in a girl's school in London), and I wrote to ask her advice concerning my next attempt to get a situation. She answered at once, inviting me to come and stay with her till I had gotten strong and well again, and meanwhile we could consult together as to what should next be done. I will not attempt to describe all her kindness to me. If I had been her own sister she could not have taken more care of me or shown me more affection. After I had been staying with her for some six weeks, and had begun to talk about advertising for a situation as governess, she fairly took my breath away by proposing that I should remain with her permanently.

"You see, Jane," she said, "we are both alone in the world, and I have great need of some sympathetic and intelligent person to act as my companion. Moreover, I ought to have a secretary to

look over my letters and answer them, and to take charge of my business papers, and for such a post a person that I can fully trust is requisite. So if you will only stay with me you can be of the very greatest service to me in many ways."

Well, I was not proud, and I loved Hester dearly, and really thought I could be of some use to her, and so I staid. I look back on the three years that followed as the happiest of my life. I got interested in all the affairs of the theatre, and when Hester acted I usually accompanied her behind the scenes, and helped her dresser to arrange her costumes. During the day I acted as her secretary, or read to her, or went with her to rehearsal. We were scarcely ever separated, and I used laughingly to say to her that I did not know what I should do without her when the time came for her to take a husband.

"I shall never marry, Jane," she would sometimes say. "I am wedded to my profession and cannot commit bigamy. Then, too, I am too busy to think of such frivolities as love or matrimony."

One bright day in August, just before the opening of the theatre for the season, her stage manager, good old John Griffiths, who had filled the same office under her father and had known her from the time she was a baby, came to her office and informed her that the leading man of the company had been suddenly attacked with what his wife called typhoid fever, but which was in reality a sharp fit of delirium tremens. "And if you'll take my advice, Miss Hester, you'll just give him his dismissal at once. He's a talented fellow, but he's got so dissipated that there is no use in putting up with him any further. We had best look about at once for some one to replace him."

"That is true, Griffiths. Suppose we try to get Scott Tracy?"

"He has gotten a London engagement."

"Where is Henry Hamilton?"

"On a tour with the 'Glittering Gold' company."

"What has become of Morton Hastings?"

"He went to America with the Guernsey Gilliflower."

"Can you suggest no one yourself, Griffiths? You see we cannot waste much time in making a selection."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Hester, I hear that the company on tour with 'The Roman Lovers' have just disbanded, and their leading man, Walter Arnott, is out of an engagement. He is a handsome fellow and a very good actor. I saw him act last week at Leamington, and think well of him. So I telegraphed to him last night to call to see you to-day, just to talk the matter over." And almost before he had finished speaking Walter Arnott was announced.

Mr. Griffiths had been guilty of no exaggeration when he called the young actor a handsome fellow. He was simply the most superb-looking man I had ever seen in my life; tall and nobly proportioned, with features of the fine Roman cast, clustering chestnut curls, and a pair of large and brilliant blue eyes that were wonderfully expressive. As he came slowly forward with the long, smooth, panther-like step that is the perfection of graceful motion on the stage, I could not resist a glance of very sincere admiration. As for Hester, I heard her draw in her breath as in a gasp of amazement. When I looked at her I saw that her eyes were fixed upon the newcomer with a strange, rapt expression, and all through the interview that ensued she was dazed and confused, and not in the least like her usual energetic, business-like self. In fact, it was Mr. Griffiths who finally settled all the details of the contract, and he asked me afterwards, rather anxiously, if I thought that Hester was going to be ill—she was so absent-minded and acted so strangely. I never did believe before that time in love at first sight, but I think now that Hester loved Walter Arnott from the moment that she first beheld him.

Once installed in his new functions, he speedily became a general favorite. Full of ardor and ambition where his profession was concerned, he showed an exquisite degree of tact and courtesy in all his relations with his comrades and the manager. I think he must have been born in the higher ranks of society, but we never learned anything respecting his family. At all events, he was that rare being, a gentleman by nature, in carriage and in manners. Then, too, he possessed one of those bright, sunny temperaments that seem to diffuse light and joyousness around them, and that attract more sombre characters with an irresistible force.

I try to do him justice now, for when I was under the spell of his handsome person and charm of manner, I could not stop to analyze the secret of his fascinations. I have often wondered since that with his beauty and talent, and refined, polished manners, he had never secured an engagement in London. Perhaps he did not wish to act there; possibly some family mystery in the background prevented him from appearing at a metropolitan theatre.

I do not think that any of Hester's friends were in the least surprised when, some four months after Walter Arnott's first appearance on the boards of the Stormington Theatre, she announced her engagement to be married to him. None of us thought the step an especially wise one, I am sure. He was six years her junior, and Hester was by no means the type of woman that could seriously attract a young and captivating man. Her property and her position as lessee and manager of a prosperous theatre made her a very advantageous match for the good-looking young actor whose sole resource on earth was the exercise of his profession. As for Hester, she was simply and blindly and insanely in love. Walter Arnott was one of those men that are born to be loved by women, and the strong, self-contained nature of his future wife rendered her passion for him all the more intense and absorbing.

They were married very quietly just before Lent. I commenced at once my preparations for

departure, and was in search of a situation, but Hester begged me very earnestly not to leave her. Her husband joined most courteously in the prayer, and so I staid. I was glad afterwards that I had done so, for I was of considerable use to Hester in the months that succeeded her marriage. She was so absorbed in mounting the pieces in which Walter desired to appear, and in furthering his wishes in every way, that her business interests would have suffered had I not been at hand to look after them. I shall never forget her look of ecstatic happiness as she surveyed her husband, dressed for his part on the night of the first performance of "Romeo and Juliet." He made an ideal Romeo, and indeed it always remained his best impersonation. But Hester ought never to have essayed the character of Juliet. She lacked youth and beauty, and above all, she had not the force of talent necessary to rightly impersonate the impassioned Italian maiden. But she could not bear to let Walter Arnott appear as the lover of any other actress, so she always insisted upon playing the heroine of every piece in which he appeared. Otherwise, she threw herself heart and soul into his interests, and worked hard on the stage and off of it to carry out his slightest wish. They had no children, which I think now was a great pity, for if Hester had had a child to love, and to occupy her thoughts, she might have been aroused in some degree from her blind idolatry of her husband.

I must hasten now to the end of my story. Before two years had wholly passed there came a change—the change that all of us had foreseen from the very first. I suppose it was not in human nature for a young, brilliant man to go on yielding patiently and cheerfully to the monotonous exactations of a woman so much his senior, and whom he had never loved. But he owed all his professional success to her—and then, too, she loved him so!

I think she never knew what it was to have a thought or an idea apart from him, once their two lives were linked together. But he—we saw how he grew weary, and abstracted, and took to brooding over the columns of theatrical papers, and how he finally sought every opportunity possible of playing engagements in other towns. His fame had spread—his talents, no less than his personal beauty, had given him celebrity—and he was constantly in request. Hester combated these frequent absences with all her affection and all her influence, but both were powerless. Walter Arnott put her prayers and her anguish aside with the gentle inflexibility of a man who is resolved to admit of no possible obstacle in his pathway to success. He was never unkind to her, but he listened to her entreaties just as much as he did to the March winds outside the door. He was mounting the ladder to success and fame, and though his wife's hand had aided him to gain his first foothold, he had no idea of pausing in his upward progress because she wept and clamored down below.

He might perhaps have hearkened to her more if she had been less querulous and less exacting. There must have been some stormy scenes between them, but they kept their own secrets, for Hester would have died rather than say one word against her husband, even to me, her old and tried friend. But she changed sadly. She grew thinner and paler day by day, there were dark rings under her eyes, and she wore at times wild, dazed look, that distressed me beyond measure. For there was madness in the family. David Gwynne's mother had died a lunatic, and I began to fear that, with this hereditary tendency, Hester's troubles might some day affect her reason. Still she looked after her affairs, and superintended the rehearsals, and acted as usual when called upon to fill out the cast, though her husband now very seldom saw fit to appear at the Stormington Theatre.

I believe it was chiefly to induce him to act again with her that she decided to mount a tragedy called, "The Gladiator of Ravenna," translated from a German original. The scene was laid in ancient Rome. *Thusnelda*, the heroine, is a Teutonic chieftain's wife, who has been captured in battle in bygone years, with her infant son. Her child has been taken from her and reared as a gladiator. Arrived at manhood, he and his mother are destined to figure in a grand spectacle in the Colosseum as the representatives of their conquered nation. To save her son and her country from such humiliation, *Thusnelda*, on the night before the performance, slays the sleeping youth and afterwards commits suicide. Walter was fond of appearing in classic costume, as it showed off to advantage his superbly molded figure and fine features, so he had acquiesced with much seeming pleasure in the projected production, and had carefully studied and rehearsed his part, that of the young gladiator, while Hester herself was to personate *Thusnelda*. She brightened greatly while the rehearsals were in progress, and for those few weeks was, I think, once more happy. Poor Hester!

But very soon after the "Gladiator of Ravenna" was brought out, matters assumed their former dismal course. It was not a success—it was too dismal in tone, too recondite in subject, to suit the general public. Moreover, the character of *Thusnelda* was far and away beyond Hester's powers of impersonation. She screamed when she should have been impressive, and ranted when she ought to have been tragic. Her husband's part did not prove sufficiently prominent to suit his ideas, and it was not at all sympathetic. He was a good deal put out at the amount of money sunk in mounting the piece, and did not hesitate to say that he should look about for a good engagement to enable him to recoup the loss. Hester no longer tried to argue with him or to persuade him to give up his projects and to stay in Stormington. But she grew paler and wilder-looking day by day. Her hands, when I touched them, were as cold as ice, while her head was burning hot. I used to bathe her forehead at the

theatre sometimes between the acts with cologne and water, whenever she would suffer me to do so. And from something that she let fall one day, I inferred that she scarcely ever slept at night. Indeed, as my room was next to hers, I used often to hear her pacing up and down for hours after we had all retired.

At last the final blow fell. Walter Arnott announced to his wife one day, in his usual gay, off-hand fashion, that he had signed an engagement to go to America with Miss Mabel Vincent to play the leading male parts in her troupe. "I hope that the Stormington Theatre will get along prosperously without me, Hester," he remarked, cheerily. "I should advise you to engage Stephen Hilliard to fill my place. And take my advice—do not bring out any more classical tragedies like the 'Gladiator of Ravenna.' I leave next week, so there is no use in changing the programme till after I am gone. The announcement of my farewell performances ought to be enough to fill the houses till then."

"How long will you be absent, Mr. Arnott?" I asked, seeing that Hester neither moved nor spoke.

"That I cannot tell. A year at least, and perhaps longer. It all depends on Miss Vincent's success in the United States."

I had never seen Mabel Vincent, but I had come across hundreds of photographs of her. The beautiful creature—she was, without exception, the loveliest woman that has in our generation appeared upon the stage. I knew what Hester was thinking about when I came across her suddenly, a few hours later, with a photograph of Miss Vincent in her hand. She was looking fixedly at the exquisite face, so different from her own, that seemed to wear a mocking smile as she gazed at it. Suddenly she rent the picture in two and cast the fragments of it from her.

During the days that followed, Hester avoided me in every way, and in fact, there was so much to be done in preparing Walter Arnott's wardrobe, and in getting all things ready for his departure, that I had little or no time to seek for an opportunity of confidential conversation with her. Finally, the evening of his last performance at the Stormington Theatre arrived. "The Gladiator of Ravenna" was to be given for the last time. The house was crowded in every part, every seat having been sold long before the opening of the doors. Hester was looking more like herself than she had done for weeks, and acted with unusual spirit in the earlier scenes. For her husband, everything that he said or did was applauded to the echo. He was an immense favorite with the public, and they seemed anxious to testify to their affection for him and their regret at his departure in every possible way. A grand supper was to be given in his honor at the Royal Arms, our principal hotel, after the play, and there were wreaths of laurel with complimentary inscriptions in gilt letters on the satin ribbons that tied them, and other tokens prepared to be offered to him after the curtain had fallen on the last act.

It rose on that act in the midst of a universal stir of interest and pleasurable excitement in the audience. *Thusnelda*, crowned and robed for the mocking pageant of the morrow, holds her last interview with her recreant son. She has vainly tried to arouse in his soul some gleam of patriotic heroism—he is nothing but a hireling of the Roman games, a gladiator, degraded and proud of his degradation. He craves her pardon for disappointing her aspirations which he does not share, and indeed does not at all comprehend, and afterwards he lies down to sleep, to gain strength for the combat on the morrow; and then *Thusnelda*, after solemnly according to him her pardon and her benediction, draws her dagger and approaches him as he lies sleeping in the moonlight.

I shall never forget the picture then presented to me by the young actor, as I stood watching the performance at the wings. The one ray of vivid light that fell upon him showed the perfect symmetry of his limbs, the fine outline of his features, the finished grace of his attitude. He lay on his right side, his head resting on one arm, his short white tunic revealing the noble proportions of his form. And through the shadows at the back stole *Thusnelda*, the gold embroideries on her crimson mantle faintly glimmering in the gloom. I saw the long, slender blade of the dagger flash as she raised the weapon on high; I saw it descend and smite the broad chest of the actor with no feigned blow, but with a swift and desperate stroke. There came a rush of sudden crimson over the snowy tunic, a desperate effort to rise, and then Walter Arnott fell headlong to the floor—a corpse! I saw all this, and then all sense of sight and sound fled from me, and I lost all consciousness just as the first shouts and shrieks from the audience gave token that the spectators had begun to realize what had happened.

The police had no difficulty in capturing Hester. She stood there like a statue with the bloody dagger still in her hand. As to Walter Arnott, there was nothing to be done for him. He was stone-dead, the sharp blade having pierced his heart. As to Hester—well, she is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, her insanity having been proved at the inquest beyond all shadow of doubt. They let me see her sometimes, but she does not know me, and is apt to become excited when approached by any one outside of her usual set of attendants. She spends her time in repeating scraps of plays, and in getting ready for an imaginary performance. She never pronounces the name of Walter Arnott, nor does she ever make any allusion to the manner of his death. But the quotation that comes the oftener to her lips is the wail of *Lady Macbeth* over the blood-stains on her "little hand."

KANSAS PRAIRIES ON FIRE.

A PRAIRIE fire, started near Nicodemus, Graham County, Kan., and spreading in different directions, devastated a large tract of

country during the early part of last week, and destroyed a dozen or more human lives. The flames swept northwest into Norton County, destroying everything in a path over fifty miles long and in places from two and a half to seven miles wide—a great roaring sea of flame rolling in tremendous sheets under the impetus of a high wind. Starting on the South Fork of the Solomon River in Graham County, the fire swept north to the North Fork, which it crossed at Edmond, a station on the Central Branch Railroad, in Norton County, and at last accounts it was still sweeping towards the northwest diagonally across Norton County, in the direction of Decatur, the adjoining county on the west, carrying destruction and death in its path. Thousands of head of stock of all kinds have been burnt, and thousands of tons of hay, corn and wheat, and from 100 to 175 houses and barns have been destroyed. The people living along the line of the fire have been left homeless and destitute. In many cases, like that illustrated in our picture, whole families narrowly escaped destruction by taking refuge in the middle of large plowed fields, where the flames could find nothing to feed upon.

THE LATE JOHN T. RAYMOND.

THE sudden death of the favorite comedian, John T. Raymond, at Evansville, Ind., on Sunday, the 10th inst., is sincerely mourned by hosts of personal friends in and out of "the profession," and by the entire theatre-going public. In the character of *Colonel Mulberry Sellers* he had created one of the few distinctively American comedy types that will live on the stage.

Raymond's real name was O'Brien. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., April 5th, 1836. In June, 1853, he made his theatrical debut in "The Honey-moon," at the Rochester Theatre, as *Lopez*. For several years young Raymond steadily applied himself to his profession, playing subordinate parts in the New England and Southern States. In 1858 he made his first hit, playing with Sothern as *Asta Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin." In 1867 Raymond crossed the Atlantic and joined Sothern, who was playing *Dundreary* at the Haymarket. He made a decided success, which he repeated at the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris. After playing another engagement at the Haymarket, and a tour in the provinces, Raymond joined the company of the California Theatre, San Francisco, under the management of Messrs. Barrett and McCullough, appearing as *Graves* in "Mony," January 1st, 1869, when the theatre was opened to the public. When, on his second visit to San Francisco, an adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age" was submitted to him by Mr. George Dinsmore, of the *Evening Bulletin*, the character of *Sellers* at once caught his fancy. Late in the season of 1873, the play was presented at the California Theatre for the first time, and with instantaneous success. Mr. Raymond was for a time a member of the company at Selwyn's Theatre, in Boston, and made a great success as *Micauber* in "Little Eva." About eight years ago he played *Ichabod Crane* in George Fawcett Rowe's comedy, based upon Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Later he appeared as *General Limber* in "For Congress," and as the insurance agent in "Risks." The last rôle which Mr. Raymond "created" was that of *Samuel L. undy* in Mr. David D. Lloyd's "The Woman Hater."

Mr. Raymond leaves a widow, a daughter of Rose Eyttinge, professionally known as Miss Courtney Barnes, and one child.

The funeral took place at the "Little Church 'round the Corner," in New York, last Wednesday, and the interment at Greenwood Cemetery.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CENTENNIAL.

THE festivities with which the Hundredth Anniversary of Columbia College was celebrated last week culminated on Wednesday in the picturesque parade, the impressive exercises at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the conferring of degrees. Early in the forenoon the college cry woke the echoes of the memorial walls, and the grounds were thronged with enthusiastic young students wearing gowns and mortar-boards, and decked with blue badges. About half-past nine o'clock a band of music marched out to Madison Avenue, and the collegians fell in line behind. A college procession is usually a lively affair, and this one was no exception, as the Columbia boys marched through Forty-eighth Street, Fifth Avenue, Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway to the Metropolitan Opera House. There were banners, and cheers, and college songs, while attendant crowds and displays of the blue-and-white attested the popular interest in the event.

At the Opera House a crowd had assembled before the arrival of the procession of students and Alumni. There were many ladies, most of whom displayed the Columbia colors. The parquet and dress-circle seats had been reserved for the Alumni and their families, and the boxes for the families and friends of the Trustees and Faculties of the college and schools.

Suspended above the stage were two silk flags, the Stars and Stripes crossing the college flag, on which "Columbia" was worked in large letters. A grand chorus of members from the New York Oratorio Society, and the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, supplied the music.

The Faculty and Trustees of Columbia College, and the delegates from other colleges who were present as guests, also occupied places upon the stage. Among the distinguished people who were present upon invitation of the Trustees were James Russell Lowell, Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, William M. Evarts, John Bigelow, William Bartlett, George Daly, Allan Campbell, General W. T. Sherman, and Jesse Seligman. General Stewart L. Woodford, with an efficient staff of aids, was Grand Marshal.

The introductory address was made by General Woodford, and the orator of the day was Mr. Fred. R. Conder.

Before conferring the degrees, President Barnard announced that he had received a munificent offer in the interests of the college. A number of gentlemen had expressed their intention of endowing a chair of Rabbinical Hebrew, and the donation would amount to \$100,000. The conditions of the endowment had not yet been discussed, but they would undoubtedly prove satisfactory.

Among the twenty-three persons upon whom the degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred were: George William Curtis, Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs, George Bancroft, Andrew D. White, Amelia B. Edwards, and Alice Elvira Freeman, President of Wellesley College.

Twelve persons received the degree of Doctor of Laws, and eight were made Doctors of Divinity. The Rev. Dr. George Lansing Taylor read an original centennial poem; and the sing-

ing of "Old Hundred" by the entire assemblage concluded the exercises. In the evening the college buildings were brilliantly illuminated, and a reception was given by the collegians, followed by a supper and a dance. The memorable anniversary, with all its features, was most successfully and enjoyably passed.

BARON H. VON ALVENSLEBEN, GERMAN MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.

BARON H. VON ALVENSLEBEN, the Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary of Germany to the United States, is about fifty years of age, and unmarried. The name Alvensleben is an old one in Prussia, but the branch from which the present Minister springs is of comparatively recent creation. For two years Herr von Alvensleben was Secretary of Legation at Washington, from 1869 to 1871, under Baron Gerlot, when the latter was Minister to this country. After Herr von Alvensleben left Washington in 1871, he was appointed to a subordinate position in the Foreign Office at Berlin, where he remained a short time. From the Foreign Office he was sent to St. Petersburg, where he was First Secretary of the German Embassy. Subsequently he was the official representative of the German Empire at Bucharest, in Roumania. He was next transferred to Darmstadt, a minor position, as Minister to the Grand Duchy of Hesse. He afterwards was sent as Minister to The Hague, the Netherlands, from whence he was sent as Envoy and Minister to the United States.

Baron von Alvensleben has been in the diplomatic service for many years, and is in high favor with Kaiser William, having been appointed Chamberlain to the Emperor some few years ago. In personal appearance he is tall, and of average build; has a light hair, full mustache, beard and whiskers, and is beginning to show baldness.

A FIRE IN HISTORIC ST. AUGUSTINE.

ST. AUGUSTINE, the most ancient city of the Union, was ~~stated~~ by fire on the morning of the 12th inst. The flames broke out in the St. Augustine Hotel, which was entirely consumed. The Planters' House, and some other structures of less importance, standing to the north, were also reduced to ashes. Then the old Spanish Cathedral, a well-known landmark, caught fire. The roof and the chime of bells fell in with a crash, destroying the relics in the interior of the historic structure. It was completely destroyed. The Sinclair Block, and a number of other buildings, were also swept away by the flames, which were finally checked at Treasury Street. The loss on the St. Augustine Hotel is estimated at \$100,000. The total loss is \$250,000. The old Cathedral, one of the most interesting landmarks in the city, was built in 1793, and was in use for purposes of worship up to the time of its destruction.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ANITCHKOFF PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

This familiar landmark of St. Petersburg, which is frequently inhabited by the Czar in preference to the vast Winter Palace, stands in the Great Prospekt, near the Fontanka Canal, and derives its name from the owner of a mansion formerly existing on that site. The present palace was built by the Empress Elizabeth, who gave it to her favorite, Count Rasumofsky, and was purchased by Catherine II., for Prince Potemkin; but it has since reverted to the Sovereign. The Councils of State are held here, and here Ambassadors are usually received by the Emperor.

THE "HOMeward BOUND."

The little boat *Homeward Bound*, of which we give a picture, lately arrived at Dover, England, with a crew of three hands, having accomplished the feat of sailing from Port Natal to England.

She looks anything but a capable craft to perform such a voyage; yet, during a journey of ten months, with the exception of touching at two ports, she was at sea the whole time, and in some very tempestuous weather. Her measurement is as follows: Length, 20 feet; depth, 4½ feet; breadth, 7 feet. She is only 4½ tons, and draws about three feet, the height of her gunwale from the water-level being about eighteen inches. The boat was built in accordance with the ideas of Captain Nilson, the owner, who states that his only motive was to prove that it was not impossible in such a small craft to weather the Cape of Good Hope in the worst part of the year. The other two members of the crew are Norwegians, and the vessel left Natal in May last. During four weeks the most tempestuous weather was experienced, and the crew's clothing literally rotted off them by being constantly wet; for four days the waves were frequently breaking over them.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT HOME AND ABROAD.

During the past year or so, Queen Victoria, as is well known, has emerged from the seclusion which she entered after the death of the late Prince Consort. She is now frequently present at public ceremonials, and occasionally visits the theatre, or other places of entertainment. One of our pictures relates to an incident at the Olympia Hippodrome, shortly before the Queen's departure from England on her present visit to Cannes.

A litter of lion-cubs were taken from the den and brought in a basket to the Queen, who caressed them as if they had been overgrown kittens. Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg appear amongst the group of royal visitors. The Queen left for Cannes on the 29th ult. During her stay on the Riviera, she resides at the Villa Edelweiss, situated on the California Hill, where the Prince of Wales staid when he visited Cannes after the Duke of Albany's death, and which has been lent to her by Mr. Augustus Savile. Just below the Villa Edelweiss is seen, in our illustration, the Villa Nevada, where the Duke of Albany was staying, four years ago, at the time of his death.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

M. Alexandre Dumas, dramatist, social philosopher, critic and Academician, who is now in the sixty-third year of his age, inhabits an elegant hotel at No. 98 Avenue de Villiers, Paris. In his study, as our portrait depicts him, he wears a loose, semi-Oriental working costume, something like that of his illustrious father as the latter appears in Doré's statue in the Place Malakherbes. From this study of M. Dumas two works have lately issued, which have made noise in the literary and dramatic world. One of these works is the Parisian comedy of manners, "Francillon," which has met with emphatic success at the Comédie

Frangaise. The other is the address of M. Dumas at the reception of the poet Leconte de Lisle into the French Academy. On this interesting occasion, the work of Victor Hugo was analyzed in a manner decidedly iconoclastic. Dumas dwelt upon Hugo's superlative vanity, and denounced him as a *pouer*, declaring that "Victor Hugo would have embraced the Monarchy, if he had been able to become King; he would have become the champion of Catholicism, if he had been able to become Pope."

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY RECEPTION.

The festivities in honor of the ninetieth birthday of the Emperor of Germany, on the 22d ult., have been fully described, and to the descriptions our picture will prove an interesting supplement. The Emperor received the congratulations of his royal guests in the Empress's apartments, which were fragrant with piles of flowers, while an adjoining room was filled with the innumerable presents which the Emperor had received from his many relatives. This family reception did not last long, and the Emperor took the opportunity to announce the betrothal of his grandson Prince Henry of Prussia with Princess Irene of Hesse. At the close Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke were received, and an eyewitness aptly describes it as a thrilling moment when there appeared at the window these three men who have accomplished so much in common for the Empire. In the evening there was a birthday banquet given by the Crown Prince and Princess, and the day closed with a musical *soirée* in the White Saloon of the Old Schloss, where the scene was described as dazzling—"with the blinding coronets and necklaces—diamonds scintillating on Empress, Queen and Princesses. The Empress herself, leaning on a staff, was one radiant figure of sparkling light, and 'Carmen Sylvia,' the poetess Queen of Bonnina, flashed from her neck and forehead a thousand dazzling hues, which even the Queen of Saxony's jewels failed to outshine." Between the acts the Emperor went round the room and shook hands with the various Ambassadors, looking hearty and well in his scarlet uniform of the Garde du Corps.

CUBAN HOTELS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cleveland *Leader*, who accompanied Senator Sherman's party in the recent Cuban tour, writes: "A Cuban hotel is a curiosity to strangers. The dining-rooms here face the street, and they are as open as though no wall separated them from it. The office-counter and the writing-table or writing-room are at the end of the dining-room, and eating, writing and business goes on inside of the same walls. This room, however, is a large square one, and there is no confusion. The dining-tables are of all sizes, so that one can dine alone, or a party of a dozen or more can eat at the *table d'hôte* together. As to decoration, the brightest of colors are used in the interior painting of the hotel, and in some rooms frescoes prevail. Red and skyblue are seen everywhere, and the floors of the chambers and halls are paved in marble and red tile. I write this letter in my bedroom. There is no plaster on the ceilings of these hotels, and the great rafters above me are as blue as the bluest sky. The windows are almost as large as the side of a room, and they are kept open day and night. The bed is of iron, and the mattress was never made of feathers. A framework extends on every *cuarto* bed, and we sleep in cages of coarse lace like that used for cheap curtains at home. Most of the Cuban beds have no mattresses. The sheets are stretched on wire springs, and General Brice told me he had great trouble because the sheet, which was not bigger than a napkin, would work out from under him and leave his bare legs upon the naked wire. The rest of the woodwork of this room is as blue as the rafters, and every room seems to have its own bright color. Senator Palmer's room is red, and that of Private Secretary Babcock is as yellow as gold."

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THE Brooklyn Tabernacle (Rev. Dr. Talmage) is to be enlarged so as to accommodate 1,000 persons in excess of its present capacity.

A HUNGARIAN gypsy band, which played on several occasions before the Czar of Russia, was received with that frank confidence which does so much to make life pleasant. On each occasion their musical instruments were carefully examined by the police before each concert. The first examination lasted two days, during which time the complicated instruments were taken to pieces, and at each concert each musician played with a policeman stationed behind his back.

ONE of the novel features of the Easter maneuvers of the volunteer soldiers of England at Dover was the use of bicycle and tricycle riders as scouts. They exceed cavalry in swiftness, and are able to go much more secretly and to cross rougher country. When the rider of a bicycle would come to a fence he would climb it and throw his machine over quickly. Even in crossing heavy, plowed fields and marshy strips of land, bicycle-riders have outstripped the horses. Upwards of 800 bicyclists were thus employed at Dover as scouts.

THE new law passed by the late Kansas Legislature, which is intended as a backbone to the present prohibitory law, is playing havoc with the liquor trade in Kansas. The law makes it necessary for a man desiring to open a drug store to have twenty-five women signers to the petition, and any person who buys liquor must go before a notary public and make affidavit as to what use he will make of it, and that it is not intended to be drunk as a beverage. As a result of the operation of this law, the traveling agents of wholesale liquor-sellers find their business almost entirely ruined.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 10TH—In Evansville, Ind., John T. Raymond, the comedian, aged 50 years. April 11th—In Watertown, N. Y., Lieutenant C. V. Morris, United States Navy, retired, aged 85 years; in New York, Abraham B. Miller, formerly a well-known member of the Board of Trade and Transportation, aged 64 years. April 12th—In Wilmington, Del., the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, first Bishop of Delaware, and Senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, aged 80 years; in Jacksonville, Fla., Captain James G. Wallace, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York, aged 28 years. April 14th—In Lewisburg, Pa., the Rev. Francis W. Tait, Professor of Greek in Bucknell University, aged 52 years; in Indianapolis, Ind., Carl Schoene, one of the oldest German comedians in the United States. April 15th—In Paris, France, the Very Rev. William Quinn, Vicar-general of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, aged 66 years.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

JOAQUIN MILLER has bought a tract of land near Fruit Vale, Cal., and proposes to establish a literary colony there.

UNITED STATES SENATOR REAGAN, of Texas, has come out squarely in favor of the adoption of the Prohibitory Amendment to the State Constitution.

ERNEST LEBOUEV, the veteran dramatic author, is called the Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes of France. We are glad to know that the genial Autocrat has a double.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND will visit Georgia next October. He will go to the big fair which is to be held in Atlanta. This, with his Western trip in the Summer, may have a bearing on 1888.

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU, of Canada, seems, after all, to have modified his opposition to the Knights of Labor. At any rate, he has withdrawn conditionally his mandatum directing that abolition be refused to members of the Order.

The Washington *Star* learns that Señor Sotello, who has represented Venezuela in this country for a number of years past, has been relieved at his own request. "No member of the diplomatic corps has more sincere friends," it says.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S RESIGNATION of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy in the British Royal Institution, which he has held since 1853, has been accepted with deep regret by the managers. Lord Rayleigh succeeds to the chair.

"I suppose you went to see how Havana cigars were made?" remarked a reporter, interviewing Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox on her recent trip to Cuba. "Oh, I have seen that before," replied the Poetess of Passion. "I live in Connecticut, you know."

SIR EDWARD THORNTON, formerly Minister from England to the United States, sailed on the *Elvira*, on Saturday last, to represent the English Council of foreign bondholders on the committee to confer on the settlement of the Virginia State debt.

THE President has appointed as commissioners to investigate the affairs of the Pacific Railroads, under the Act passed by the last Congress, ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania; E. Ellery Anderson, of New York; and David L. Little, of Illinois.

It looks very much as though Scio Diaz would be re-elected President of the Mexican Republic. A joint congressional committee has reported favorably on the proposed re-election of a President, and it is thought that Congress will pass the Bill, and that the State will ratify the amendment.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, unmindful of his eighty-seven years, is making a tour in the South. He is accompanied only by a body-servant. It is his intention to visit Mrs. Polk, the widow of the President, at Nashville, from whom he expects to obtain certain historical and biographical material.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER gets the most unkindest cut of all from Mr. Bancroft, the owner of the London theatre where she is playing, who says: "If I had known what I now know, I would have sent her into the country and had her play three months as Miss Jenkins until she had worn off her angularities."

"MENACED by the enemy, and saved by Hebelette, boulanger" (baker), is the inscription over one of the gates of the old city of Metz. The French inhabitants point with a smile to this tribute to the heroism of one boulanger and talk significantly of another. Before Bazaine, Metz had never surrendered to an enemy since the Romans fortified it.

THE President has just made two bright boys happy by appointing them cadets-at-large at the Naval Academy. One of them, Thomas Kellogg, is a son of Lieutenant-colonel S. C. Kellogg, aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-general Sheridan. The other, Charles Jewett, is a son of Commander Jewett, United States Navy, and a nephew of Vice-admiral Rowan.

THE late Anne Gilchrist noted in her diary the fact that Carlyle, "meaning to say something pleasant to Mr. Browning about the 'Ring and the Book,'" remarked, "It is a wonderful book, one of the most wonderful poems ever written. I re-read it all through—all made out of an Old Bailey story, that might have been told in ten lines and only wants forgetting."

THE body of Abraham Lincoln was last week removed from the spot where it had been secreted since an attempt was made in 1878 to steal it, and placed in a new tomb under the monument at Springfield, Ill. The spot from which it was taken has been known to nobody save members of the Lincoln Guard of Honor, an association formed in 1878 to protect the body of the dead President.

FIFTY theological students of Yale College have begun studying Prof. Loiselet's wonderful system of memorizing, which they believe will enable them to learn the entire Bible by heart. Mark Twain, whose memory had always been poor, took a few lessons, and succeeded in memorizing three columns of a New York paper, while riding from New York to Hartford. He says it will make a man remember anything except to pay his debts.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the recreant British Liberal, has raised a great storm in England by a speech at Ayr, Scotland, in which he bitterly attacked the Irish and defended Coercion. He charged distinctly that his former associates are in sympathy with the perpetrators of outrages in Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain has evidently "lost his level." Sir George Trevelyan, one of the Unionist leaders and formerly Chief Secretary

NEW YORK CITY.—THE CENTENNIAL OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE—THE PARADE OF THE STUDENTS ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 14TH—THE PROCESSION LEAVING THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.





A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.
BY LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LIGHTHOUSE-TOWER.

"Then I thought a far-off shout dropped across the still water. A question, as I took it; for soon the answer came From the tall, ruined lighthouse. 'If it be the old man's daughter, That we wot of,' ran the answer, 'what then—who's to blame?'"

KENNETH was well established at his new station. Instead of Arizona's sea of sand, the open Atlantic; the Signal Station, the Lighthouse, the Life-saving Station, a dwelling with two, these made the settlement at Cape —, and behind these rose the dunes, and dark, low woods of juniper, oak and holly, tramped landward by fierce winds from the sea.

After a week of storms, a mid-September day dawned fair, and the first discovery of the morning was, that the telegraph line whereby they communicated through intermediate stations with the General Office at Washington was somewhere broken. Kenneth took a hurried breakfast, made up a kit of tools, and mounting Fury, set off to look after matters himself. He found no damages before he reached an inlet six miles from the station; the break was still beyond him. The question was, how to cross. Not a boat was in sight; perfect stillness reigned under the warm September sky; the waters of the ocean, seen at the widening entrance of the inlet, a mile away, were lulling gently after the tempest; gulls screamed, stooped, and rose above the scintillant waves; tall grass and sedge swayed, bowed and lifted along the edges of the winding inlet. Kenneth was in haste to repair his line—at this time of year the men of the region were usually absent, oysterers, and he might ride miles up into the country before finding any boat, while it was not possible to go and bring one around, owing to the rocks and shoals between the light and the little cove. He sat on Fury, looking up and down, uncertain which way to turn, and wishing he had sent on this errand some one better acquainted with the country than himself. Fury stopped her pawing and snorting in order daintily to taste the reeds and grass growing to her shoulders out of the moist marge. The salt taste pleased her, and she browsed in quiet. Then the dip of oars broke the stillness—dip, dip, the soft splash and ripple—as something came down against the rising tide. Near where Kenneth stood, a round dry jut of land touched the waters, and evidently there one could look about the sweep of the stream's bed, and there any boat that did not intend to seek the sea would stop. Kenneth jerked Fury's head from her repast, and turned her to this elevation. Horse and horseman were now lifted above the sedge and set strongly against the clear blue of the sea and sky. Fury, unused to seeing such a liberal display of water, bent her head to regard the slipping tide; her master's eye followed that tide on its way around the bend. A beautiful canoe of cypress-wood was coming towards him—a small and elegant craft, fashioned to carry a sail when wind served. Now the light mast was unstepped, and with the sail closely reefed to it, lay in the bottom of the craft; on the triangular seat in the sharp prow, against which the resisting tide curled, lay a heap of birds on a seat, almost in the centre of the canoe, was its evident owner, a young girl, in a close blue gown, a white frill around her neck, her white, supple hands plying well a pair of light oars, while, like Time, she looked one way and came another. The sun, yet easterly in the heavens, flooded the sparkling inlet, the blue go—, the beautifully formed shoulders, the smooth white nape of the neck, and the piled-up masses of golden, glittering braids, for the fair oarswoman's hat lay in the stern of the boat, its broad, blue ribbon streaming like a pennant along the course they came. At the girl's nant, a large Irish setter, of a chestnut-brown, feet big amber eyes of this animal beheld the picture on the little bluff; he rose, rested his paws on the knees of his mistress, looked over her right shoulder, and challenged Fury with decision. Fury responded by a wrathful snort. The oarswoman now looked over her left shoulder, revealing to Kenneth a face blonde to suit the golden hair, a Greek nose, a short upper lip, a round chin with a dimple therein, and a pair of great flashing black eyes, that might have been stolen from the goddess Juno. Kenneth pulled off his cap, and Beauty, resting on her oars, deigned to turn a little further round, as she looked over her shoulder. In so doing, she lost way, and went upstream. Thereupon she turned her course a little, resumed her oars, and came into the shelter of the bank, where an eddy helped her against retracing her course.

"Well?" said the Naiad.

"I want to get across the inlet."

"So I see."

"To repair my line. There's a break on the other side. I was thinking I should have to go four or five miles up-country to get a boat."

"That wouldn't be so bad, with a good horse under you."

Fury, possessed by a demon, no sooner heard herself called "good" than she "bucked" in both styles.

"What is she doing?" demanded the Naiad, with interest, when the exhibition ceased and the Centaur was stationary.

"Bucking."

"Oh, I've heard of that—it's very interesting; do it again."

"Excuse me. I've left the circus ring at present, and am in the Government service. I must see to my line."

"Oh! You are, then, going to proceed up-country?"

"On the contrary, to persuade you to put me

across. For myself, I am only worthy a refusal; but consider the honorable and weighty service I am in. The delay caused by the breaking of this line, and consequent failure of reports, might result in no weather of any kind for a week."

"Small loss. We had samples of all sorts the last three days, and none of them suited."

"But just as soon as this line is mended I shall send to the Signal Office for an entirely new variety, never before seen in these parts, and warranted to please all tastes, or your money returned."

"If that is the case," said the girl, with glorious smile that showed a dimple in either cheek, "I'll put you across. But what about your horse? Somebody may borrow her while you are gone."

"Not at all; her safety is guaranteed at both ends; if any one comes up behind her, she kicks; if before her, she bites."

So saying, he dismounted, fastened Fury to the stump of a juniper, and, kit in hand, came down to the canoe.

"Shall I row you across, miss?"

"No," said miss, scornfully.

"The tide is pretty strong."

"But we will go with it somewhat, for the landing on the other side is a few rods higher up."

Kenneth had not passed the girl, but stood between her and the prow, his kit at his feet. He saw a very light and beautiful fowling-piece lying against the birds.

"May I look at your gun?" he asked. "It is yours?"

"Yes. I shot those birds this morning. I suppose you think that very cruel."

"No, indeed; I shoot myself."

"It would be cruel," said Diana, witheringly, "if I shot them for fun. But I shoot them—for science."

"You certainly shoot them scientifically," replied Kenneth, picking up one bird and then another.

"What good would they be to science if they were ruined? I shall skin them, and stuff them. I am getting up a collection as a present to the museum of the school where I graduated. I have fifty ready now—perfect ones."

"Why, that's a good scheme," said Kenneth. "If I'd thought, I might have sent my school a very fine collection of minerals while I was in Arizona. But I was never very solid with my teachers. I was too fond of mischief."

"If you are given to shooting yourself," said Diana, tranquilly, "I wonder you live long enough to collect anything. Perhaps, however, you're not a very good shot."

For answer Kenneth picked up the gun, swung it into place, and brought down a gull sweeping swiftly on the wing.

"What did you do that for?" cried Diana, angrily. "I did not need gull—I have a beauty; now it's dead for nothing!" but she turned the canoe, to pick up the prey.

"Not for nothing," said Kenneth, boldly. "I'm going to stuff it, as a present to my mother."

"Do you know how?" demanded the Naiad.

"No, but I shall learn."

"Don't try on a good specimen like that," said she, tossing the dripping gull upon her heap of birds. "I'll stuff it with the rest."

"For me!" cried Kenneth—"for me, and I will call for it."

"No, father will take it to you."

"But he don't know where I live," said the rash Moray.

"Oh! How many signal stations are there on Cape —?"

Kenneth leaped ashore, and bowed.

"My heartiest thanks. Will you not mention where you live, that I may call and make my gratitude more effective, by expressing it when I wear my best clothes?"

"You are standing on a soft place and getting your boots wet," retorted the Naiad. "It is impossible for you to call on me; I am a mermaid, and live in a cave."

"But your father—let me call on him. Who is he?"

"Neptune: and he's never at home except to things with fins," was the answer, as she shot back a boat's length. But Kenneth's next motion detained her. He took from its case a telegraph instrument, and attached it to the cable box on the bank. The appearance of this scientific object attracted this intensely scientific maiden.

"What are you doing?" asked the boatwoman.

"Finding the break."

"Where is it?"

"Under your canoe, somewhere. It is in that part of the line that is in the bottom of the inlet."

"And what will you do about it?" with eager interest.

"See. I fasten my key to this line, and telegraph the situation to —, and ask the observer there for instructions; he's my senior."

"What then? When will the answer come back?"

"In five minutes, perhaps," replied Kenneth, fearful that the fair vision would glide away and leave him sole inhabitant of the desolation. "Allow me to gather these flowers and throw them to you as my ferrage—there they are. Beauties, ain't they? I'm very fond of flowers. Here it is."

In the silence the girl heard the key clicking.

"What does it say?"

"I'm to stop here—by the line—all day, perhaps. They will send me a couple of men, and some more tools. The men will strike the inlet above, and get me some boats. Then we shall grapple for the cable, bring it up and mend it. I've got a jolly day before me, sitting here alone on the sand, with Fury stamping her hoofs off, over there, from rage and starvation."

"I'm sorry for the horse," admitted Beauty.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm sending to them to have the men bring me a roast fowl, a few loaves of bread, and a

ham or so. I'll be starved before they come. I breakfasted hurriedly at six, and it may be four before they get here."

"Fasting has its virtues; it will teach you sympathy with the poor—with the starving in India—and the wisdom of not going far from home without food in your pocket." As your horse has no pocket—and I like horses—I will ask my father to send word to the station for your men to go to the beast with some dinner."

"And to bring me some too!" shouted Kenneth.

"How would he get it across the inlet?" and away went Beauty towards the sea, and into a little creek, and out of his range of vision; and the day grew darker to Kenneth when the flashing of her eyes and the splendor of her hair had faded out of his sight.

"There now, if Hilda were like that," said Kenneth, "there would be some sense in it. She's not afraid of Fury and her bucking. Hilda didn't want me to bring her from the West—she was not glad to see her when I got her home—wouldn't go near the stable, even. And this girl can shoot! I'll find out who she is before I am a day older. Why couldn't she stop longer? I am horribly lonely. I wish Hilda were here, with her nonsense!"

The fair genius of the stream had vanished out of sight, and time dragged heavily to Kenneth. Not so much that he was mourning after the maiden, but the place where he was doomed to wait had nothing attractive to occupy him. A heap of sand, a few gay blossoms, the wheeling and shrieking birds, what were these to an active young man without even a gun? Fury was tethered with a bit of leather on one side of the stream, her master was morally tethered by a few clicked instructions on the other. The horse fretted outwardly, the master fretted inwardly. About noon Kenneth lay prone on the sand, his hands under his head, his heels idly digging holes beside the cable box, when the dip of oars caused him to start up. Out of the creek where the Naiad had disappeared came a canoe, larger and older than hers, vigorously propelled by a man of perhaps sixty years. His hair was gray, his figure and face awoke dreams of the Scandinavian gods and Vikings of the days of old. He rowed against the tide as the girl had done, for it was now swiftly running out. Midway between Kenneth and Fury the oarsman paused, and shouted:

"She told me you were here, and I brought you something to eat—and for the horse."

"She" was evidently the new Sabrina; food sent from her would be fare of the gods. Kenneth hastened to shout back:

"A thousand thanks. I'm hungry as a wolf."

The canoe came up to the bank, and a basket was handed up.

"Would you come ashore?" asked Kenneth.

"I'm as badly off for company as for food."

"I must feed the beast and get back," said the good Samaritan, looking across the stream. "The tide is running out fast, and I will not be able to get the boat up the creek near my house unless I make haste."

"Do you live in that white house on the dune?" asked Moray.

"No, but I shall learn."

"Ay, I'm Sen Axel, one of the keepers of the outer light."

"How is that light managed?" demanded Kenneth.

"I cannot imagine a more lonely life than to be imprisoned in that great white tower in the midst of the waves, with not a foot of land about you."

"There are a few rods of rock bare at lowest tide. That light is managed a little different from the rest; the rule being that three at a time must be in the lighthouse, each to have three weeks on duty and three off, giving four keepers to a light; but the senior keeper out on our light proposed to move there with his wife and live there, and not take his shore turn, so really there are but three of us, unless the old woman is counted four, and the two of us take our turns ashore, while Bill Vault and his wife stay all the time. I've an oyster farm here, and just as soon as I can get enough laid up to retire on, and have a safe portion for my girl, I shall do it. I don't fancy Vault or his wife; but one can't pick and choose mates in Government service."

"How long have you lived here?" asked Kenneth.

"Sixteen years. I was captain of a vessel that sailed out of —. I owned her. We were wrecked on that shoal out there by the Elephant. My wife was drowned, but I brought my child in, living, but half dead. My all had gone down under the waves—all but the child. Since then it has been a steady pull to educate her as she ought to be, and lay up a competence for old age."

"I hope I may call at your house," said Kenneth. "When will you be at home?"

"I go for my turn on the light to-night; but call when you like, my sister Luisa is there to keep my child company."

"Fine old fellow," said Kenneth, as Sen Axel rowed out of sight.

The very next afternoon Kenneth went to see the blonde beauty with the black eyes; he had the lunch-basket and napkin to return. The Viking's sister was at the cottage on the dune, a tall, blue-eyed woman in peasant dress, holding fast in the New World to the Scandinavian costume and much of the speech that had belonged to her beyond the sea. She told Kenneth that the child was on the beach. He took this as permission to go thither. Luisa did not object. She merely walked out on the dune, knitting in hand, and stood above them; she knit straight on, but she never looked at the knitting, neither did she seem to look at them; she seemed to look at the lighthouse-tower. And it came into Kenneth's mind that no princess in a palace, no careful mother's child in all the world, could be more carefully guarded than this beautiful daughter of the sea by her apparently easy relations.

"Come in welcome to my house," said Sen Axel.

"But there at the house was Luisa, for ever vigilant,

for ever knitting.

"Go meet her on the sands," said Luisa; and he went, and on the dune—was it ever out of earshot—stood Luisa, knitting; but the stitches made no claims on her great, calm blue eyes.

"She is like that fatal old woman who knit the dreadful roll, in the 'Tale of Two Cities,'" said Kenneth.

Not that he objected to it; it was much pleasanter to go and come on easy footing, and hear one while Sen Axel's legends of the Scandinavian gods, and another time Luisa's stories of home life in Sweden. Luisa even accepted Kenneth's invitation to bring her child, Hertha, up to the Signal Office to see the instruments and try her hand on that clicking key.

"Are you not lonely out here?" asked Kenneth of Hertha.

"I've only been here at vacations before," said Hertha; "but why should I be lonely? I have my dog Jörn, I can shoot and stuff birds, I can sail a cat-rib boat. I often go out to the light to see father, in good weather, and take him clothes and nice things. I know all the Elephant Reef better than the Life-saving men."

But the first thing that caught Hertha's eye at the office was the picture of Hilda.

"Oh, I did not think any one could be so pretty!" said she, enthusiastically. "I love dark people so much better than fair! Tell me, what is her name?"

"It is Hilda. I will tell you a story about her some day. I will see how some things look to you. But how can you like brunettes more than blondes if you ever look in the glass?"

It was one of these early Winter days, when Kenneth was seated in his office, busy, when the rattle of wheels was followed by the sound of steps, and enter a young man with a cartridge-full revolver-belt at his waist, revolver on hip, Spanish knife, sombrero, flannel clothes, army blanket rolled in a strap, top-boots.

"Hello, Chelmy!" shouted Kenneth, recognizing the red head and honest face. "Welcome, welcome! This looks like old times—like Arizona. Bless my life, you're a whole arsenal; I was just looking to see which was the most convenient window to bolt through, when I recognized your phiz."

"I'm ordered here to relieve Wells,"

made more gorgeous than ever, by the scattering of bright-colored egg-shells. But Mr. Cleveland shook hands with all who came, and they went away proud and happy.

THE CHICAGO FIRE PATROL.

THE time required to get out of bed and reach a fire, the alarm of which is sounded, say at midnight, seems certainly to have been reduced to a minimum by the Fire Patrol of the City of Chicago. The novel device, or series of devices, employed, is illustrated in practical operation by the sketches on page 157. The dormitory of the men is on the second floor, directly over the room where the patrol-wagon and horses are kept in readiness, and communicating with the latter by trapdoors and short stepladders. The beds are placed in a circle, the feet converging towards a common centre. From the wall over the centre of this circle hangs a pulley, and from this pulley radiate cords attached to the bedclothes covering each sleeper. The electric shock which gives the fire-alarm, also loosens and lets fall a weight attached to the pulley, whereupon the bedclothes are suddenly jerked into the air. Simultaneously the trapdoor flies up, and the stepladders drop into their places automatically. The men tumble out of bed and swarm down the ladders, each taking his allotted place in the patrol-wagon, to which the trained horses are already harnessed. Off they go, like the wind, the men putting on their clothes as they are whirled through the streets to the fire. Quicker work than this is inconceivable, unless the patrolmen be made to sleep in the mouths of loaded cannon, to be aimed and fired at the sound of the alarm. It is evident that Chicago does not mean to be surprised by another conflagration.

THE PIANO MANUFACTURE.

IN none of the numerous and varied departments of American industry has development been more rapid and successful than in the manufacture of pianos. Keeping abreast with the marvelous advance in the musical taste and culture of the public have been the inventive genius and the constructive skill of the American manufacturer, until at the present day the American pianos are admitted by the most eminent performers to be without a peer in the world. Several causes have combined to produce this result; among others, superior materials and greater thoroughness in preparation; but the greatest and most important factor in the problem has always been, and must always continue to be, the energy, vigor and tireless activity of the leading and competing manufacturers. On another page of this paper we give an illustration of one of the most conspicuous examples of the practical operation of the principle mentioned. The great six-story Sohmer piano manufactory at Astoria, L. I., opposite Ninety-second Street, New York, which commands the eastern approach to the metropolis, is the growth and product of only fifteen years, in which, however, capital, merit and enterprise have all had ample scope and full employment. The result is most gratifying to every honest lover of good music and good business, and since the erection of the new factory, Sohmer & Co. have been the recipients of many sincere congratulations, not only from patrons, but from associates in their line of trade. The Sohmer factory occupies eight large city lots, and is most eligibly located. It is easy of access, is perfectly lighted and ventilated, and contains all the latest appliances for the comfort and safety of its occupants. Ample room is also afforded for the storage and treatment of lumber, of which a most extensive stock is carried, so that nothing may be omitted which will secure the most perfect combination of materials. Having been specially constructed for the manufacture of pianos, solidity, light, and general integrity of workmanship have been secured to a degree which fairly entitles the Sohmer to the distinction of the model piano factory of the country. All the different departments of manufacture are carried on under one roof and in exceptionally favorable conditions, so that the best possible result is secured, and each instrument is certain to be perfect in every particular.

From three pianos a week in 1872 to forty in 1887, the growth of the Sohmer & Co. name and reputation has been steady and with no step backward. First attaining an instrument which had genuine and lasting merit, which would keep all promises and redeem all expectations, the firm established a demand which has constantly increased. Public appreciation continued to reward them, and in many public and important competitions the Sohmer pianos received the highest honors. Masters of the instrument in all parts of the world testify cheerfully to their excellence, and the constant increase of purchasers among those of the most exacting tastes and ample means is the most convincing proof of the substantial merits of the instruments. Among musicians, it is well understood that the Sohmer piano combines a rich, pure tone of great volume and sympathetic quality with a precision, delicacy and responsiveness of touch seldom found in other instruments, and characteristics which also make it the prime favorite among artists for both concert and private use. This firm makes every variety of pianos, square, upright, and grand, and constantly striving to meet every demand, has produced the Bijou Grand, the smallest grand piano ever made, and the most practical novelty yet presented to the public. This instrument, while occupying little space, has great power and volume of tone, together with the tone-sustaining quality and elastic touch heretofore found only in the Concert Grand. The name of Sohmer & Co. has become a synonym for liberality and enterprise throughout both continents, and the future of the house cannot fail to worthily sustain the past record and achievements.

RAILWAY BRIGANDS.

THE latest "gigantic robbery exposed" — to quote a too-familiar newspaper headline — is the conspiracy among the freight-handlers, conductors, brakemen, and other employees of the Panhandle Railroad, by which the cars of that line have been systematically looted for months, perhaps for years past. From sixty to seventy arrests were made at Pittsburg and along the line as far as Columbus, last week, causing intense excitement. The result is, that the most daring gang of railroad robbers ever known in this country has been completely broken up. The operations of the gang have been carried on for the last three years, and the value of the goods stolen by them is said to amount to nearly \$500,000. The company has been on the track of the thieves for a long time, detectives having been engaged in securing evidence against them, and when the

proof was considered to be conclusive, simultaneous arrests were made all along the line.

The scenes, on the morning of the arrests, at the jail-doors, where relatives of the prisoners had gathered to learn the cause of the arrests, were of the saddest description. Wives, children, parents, brothers and sisters with tear-stained faces stood around the entrances to the prison, eager to hear the latest developments and pleading with the officers for admission to the jail to see the prisoners. Consternation prevailed among the proprietors of the "fences" and dens where the goods were secreted and sold.

John H. Hampton, attorney for the Pennsylvania Company, is reported as saying: "These robberies have been carried on systematically for several years. The company has long been aware that there was a leakage somewhere, and as early as September, 1886, they quietly commenced investigations. Detectives were placed on trains where the goods could be watched and the thieves caught. We had already discovered that the culprits were employees of the company. In September there were eighty crews of freight trains on the Pan Handle Railroad coming into Pittsburg. Of these eighty crews no less than seventy-five were found to be crooked. A crew consists of a conductor, flagman, and two brakemen. In some cases all the men were involved, in others only part of them. The statement that the engineers and firemen were mixed up in the robberies is wrong; not a single one is involved. The goods were obtained by the thieves in various ways. In many instances the seals were broken, while in others hatchets were used to cut a hole in the end of the car, through which the men crawled and took out what they coveted. Then they reported the car in bad condition, claiming that the hole had been made by accident. The operations were all the result of combination. Arrangements were carefully made, and each rascal was assigned to his particular part of the work in much the same way as a bank robbery is conducted by professional cracksmen. I do not know that the members of the combination were oath-bound or anything of that kind, but it is certain that a thorough understanding existed among them, and they acted in concert to cover each other's misdoings."

"A thing which alarmed us more than anything else was that they stole large quantities of whisky and drank it in the caboosees. They needed vessels to hold the liquor, so they stole milk-cans and kept it in them. Not daring to keep whisky openly in the cars, they tore up the flooring and hid it underneath. Men were continually reported drunk on duty, and the probability of disaster was something frightful to contemplate. All kinds of goods were stolen, including sewing-machines, guns, revolvers, cutlery, silverware, cigars, clothing, liquors, groceries, furniture, and in fact every imaginable article that can be carried on a car was quietly removed. The depredations were committed all along the road, and the losers reside at points as far West as Denver. 'Fences' were established in Pittsburg, where the stolen property was taken and then sold, the money being evenly divided among the crews."

The capture of J. R. Dunlap at Dennison, O., on Tuesday of last week, particularly pleased the detectives. Dunlap made a confession in which he said the stealing had been going on for months. There was no organization among the robbers, he asserted. Each crew worked by itself. It was a common understanding that every man should take all he could and dispose of it to the best advantage. There were a number of "principals," that name being applied to those who reaped the largest benefits from the robberies by giving the others pointers as to what cars contained the most goods. The "fences," Dunlap said, were in New Philadelphia, Dennison, Steubenville, Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Columbus.

Notwithstanding Dunlap's confession, the officers of the road believe that the plunderers were thoroughly organized and worked under shrewd leaders. The trials will be hurried forward.

"NO COERCION" DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

The voice of Ireland's English friends was heard in no uncertain tones in London, on Monday of last week, when 150,000 of them gathered at Hyde Park to protest against the Coercion Bill now before the House of Commons. Five thousand policemen were on duty in the park and its approaches, but their services were not needed. The vast demonstration was as peaceable as it was earnest. It was an immense conglomeration of mass-meetings, where fourteen different platforms were occupied simultaneously by speakers, each surrounded by a crowd made up chiefly of English laborers. The various organized bodies moved to the park in a procession, bearing past the Carlton and other Conservative clubs banners bearing such mottoes as: "Justice to Ireland"; "Friendship—Not Bayonets"; "No Coercion"; "The American Government is with Us"; and "Coercion, a Tyrant's Joy and Nation's Curse." Among the speakers were Michael Davitt, Lord Mayor Sullivan of Dublin, and John Burns. After the speeches were over, a bugle-call was sounded, and at this prearranged signal a resolution condemning the Crimes Bill was put simultaneously at all of the platforms. The resolution was carried amid a prolonged roar of cheers, and the meeting dispersed. It was a wonderful and deeply significant demonstration, taking place as it did in London, the stronghold of Unionism and Toryism at the last elections. The working-people of London have spoken for themselves, proving that in the portentous matter of justice to Ireland they are solidly Gladstonian.

HABITS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A LONDON correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes as follows of the daily life of the Prince of Wales: "At Sandringham the Prince breakfasts with his wife and daughters, but at Marlborough House his habits are less regular, and as often as not his first meal consists of a sardine on toast with a cup of coffee, or on occasion — tell it not in Gath — a brandy-and-soda. This 'small and early' is partaken of in the airiest of costumes before the dressing-room fire, and during its progress his Royal Highness sorts and reads his letters. Half the arrangements for the Colinderie were made or sanctioned in the cozy little room looking out on the Mall between the nibbles and sips of the Prince's breakfast.

"The next business — always an important item with the Prince of Wales — is the choice of the suit of clothes he means to wear, and the selection is to him a matter of much care. It depends, of course, on the programme of the day. If his diary tells him that he has to open a hospital or attend a 'heavy' meeting of learned professors, or run down to Windsor to see 'mamma,' as he still calls

Her Most Gracious Majesty, the black frock-coat with the silk facings, with a pair of quiet unmentionables to follow, is the order given to his trusty valet. Should Sandown or a little luncheon 'somewhere' with Charlie Beresford be down in the day's bill of fare, the latest thing in wonderful chessboard checks is called for; but whatever suit may be offered him, the Prince is sure to reject it if it has been worn five times before. His Royal Highness never wears a pair of trousers more than six times. The cast-offs become the property of his man, who, it may be judged, has an enviable post.

"As soon as he is arrayed in purple and fine linen, the Prince has Sir Francis Knollys in, and over the first cigar of the day instructs him as to the proper treatment of the pile of open letters. Then he makes his way to his wife's morning-room, where he is sure to find the Princess in the daintiest of morning toilets hard at work on 'crews,' with two of her daughters making wonderful garments for the Sandringham poor, while the third little maid is reading aloud, either from the London *Times* or *Morning Post*. The papers and the crewel-work are both laid aside when the Prince enters, and when his youngest daughter has brought him the weight-carryingest chair in the room half an hour's chat follows.

"During the season this is all the home life the Marlborough House people have together. Unless he has a dinner party at home or some function to attend which entails the presence of his wife and daughters, the Prince sees them no more until next morning. He may look in during the later hours of the afternoon to get into evening dress, but the five o'clock tea which he honors at Sandringham by accounting for four cups of strong Bohea and innumerable sandwiches is honored in the breach at Marlborough House. At the witching hour when suburban dames are busy with their neighbors' character over the teapot, Albert Edward is fulfilling his mission in the Park or finishing his lunch somewhere, or, on rare occasions, doing penance in the House of Lords."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PAPER pulp from peat is a new idea. The fibrous peat is dried on trays and then treated so as to separate the clean fibre from which the pulp is made.

DR. MACKOWAN suggests the introduction of Chinese straw shoes into the nursery for the use of children, on account of their lightness and the freedom they allow the feet.

LUMINOUS paint has been applied to the sights of rifles to enable them to be used in the dark. The method of using consists in fixing a luminous bead over the two sights of the weapon.

AN indicator used in weaving, which strikes when a thread in the warp breaks, thereby saving the weaver from taking out any of the work to find the flaw, is among the newest as well as the most curious applications of electricity.

A SCIENTIFIC novelty is a lens which magnifies, yet is perfectly flat on both sides. It is made at Jena by the manufacture of Professor Abbe's new optical glass. The lens consists of a single disk whose density varies so that its refractive power decreases regularly from the surface inward.

PROFESSOR NEUMAYER, of Hamburg, urges the necessity of Antarctic exploration, laying special stress on its importance for geology and paleontology. He anticipates that it will show that the South Pole was a centre of dispersion of animals and plants for the Southern Hemisphere, as the North Pole is believed to have been for the Northern Hemisphere.

THE following is said to be a sure test for ascertaining whether wall-paper contains arsenic: Take a piece of the paper and pour upon it strong aqua ammonia over a saucer. If there be any arsenic present, this will dissolve it. Collect the liquid in a vial or tube, and drop in a crystal of nitrate of silver. If there be arsenic present, little yellow crystals will make their appearance about the nitrate of silver. Arsenical green, when washed with aqua ammonia, either changes blue or fades.

AN interesting discussion has just been started in the Paris Academy of Medicine concerning the bad results of mental straining in young persons. Attention has especially been called to the fact that many French girls, under the pressure of competition, are injuring their health by over-work at school. About 12,000 of them are trying to get the superior diploma which would confer upon them the right of getting an appointment in Government schools. Only 2,000 will be able to get appointments.

A WRITER in an English fire paper says the showmen who perform such wonderful feats with fire, and announce themselves as "fire kings" and as being fireproof, use an ointment made by dissolving two ounces of camphor in four ounces of aqua-vite, and then adding two ounces of liquid storax and two ounces of quicksilver. Two ounces of hematis, beaten into a powder and mixed with the above ingredients, complete the mixture; and when it is rubbed on the hands, a red-hot iron may be held in the hands and bent double, or by its use one can safely walk on red-hot irons. If used too often it discolors the skin.

A REPORT from Fort Myers, Fla., where Mr. Edison is sojourning, says that he is working on his sea telephone. Already he can transmit sound between two vessels from three to four miles distant from each other, and is confident that he will be able to increase the distance between his stations as the apparatus becomes more perfect. Up to the present time Mr. Edison has not succeeded in transmitting articulate speech through his sea telephone, nor is this essential to the success of the system. By means of submarine explosions he is enabled to form a series of short and long sounds in sequence, and by these, as in the Morse system of telegraphy, words and sentences can readily be transmitted.

A MOST unique cycling novelty has just been completed. It is nothing less than a tandem unicycle. The wheel is fifty-four inches, of full roadster weight, but with tangent spokes, great strength and rigidity being necessary. Around the wheel extends an elliptical frame, which is adjustable upon the axle much in the manner of a "teeter-trotter." One rider is seated on the front and the other on the rear end of the frame, and the difference in weight equalized as much as possible by the adjustment of the frame on the axle. The riders sit facing in the same direction, each one pedaling, the pedals being connected with the wheel by adjustable gearing-chains. The machine is geared for a rapid pace, for it will be necessary to maintain great speed in order to keep the wheel erect. There is no steering-attachment whatever to the wheel. The guiding will be done by the riders swaying their bodies to and fro.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SIX steamships landed 4,273 immigrants at Castle Garden in one day, week before last.

A JEWISH temple at St. Louis has subscribed \$300 to the Beecher monument fund.

THE great historical library of Von Ranke, the eminent German historian, has been purchased for the Syracuse University.

THE official returns of Irish agrarian crimes for the past three years are given as follows: For 1884, 762; 1885, 944; 1886, 1,056.

THE Great Sobranje of Bulgaria has been summoned to meet on April 29th, the date of Prince Alexander's election to the throne eight years ago.

THE Pennsylvania State Senate has passed a resolution providing for the submission to popular vote of woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution.

A PROPOSED constitutional amendment providing that a plurality shall elect State officers has been defeated in the Connecticut House of Representatives.

THE supplementary elections in Rhode Island give the Legislature to the Democrats on joint ballot, which completes the political revolution in that State.

IN an address before the Mormon Council just held at Kirtland, O., Joseph Smith, Jr., the son of the celebrated Mormon prophet, took strong grounds against polygamy, declaring that it was contrary to Divine law.

THE High-license Bill has passed both branches of the Pennsylvania Legislature. It provides that the license in cities of the first, second and third class shall be \$500; in all other cities, \$300; in boroughs, \$150; and in townships, \$75.

MANY California women cultivate fruit farms. They can do much of the work, such as picking, packing, making raisins and canning fruit. Crystallized figs and apricots are the products of woman's labor, as well as jellies, jams and marmalade.

MR. PARNELL, Michael Davitt, and a number of other prominent Irishmen, are promoting the organization of an Irish woollen manufacturing and exporting company, with a capital of \$500,000. Mr. Davitt, while in the United States recently, received many promises of assistance from American importers of woollens.

IN consequence of England's treatment of Ireland and the attitude of the Irish clergy on the Irish Question, the Pope has charged Cardinal Simeoni, Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda, to make a thorough inquiry into the whole matter, and to draft instructions for the Irish bishops.

THE New York Assembly has passed the Arnold Bill for the election of delegates to a Constitutional Convention. The Bill provides that 160 delegates shall be elected to the convention; 128 in the 128 Assembly Districts, and 32 at large. No person is to be permitted to vote for more than sixteen delegates-at-large. This will divide the delegates-at-large between the great political parties.

A HIGH-LICENSE BILL, with local option for any county desiring it, is to be introduced in the Michigan Legislature. The limit of the license has been fixed as follows: For cities with 10,000 inhabitants and over, \$700; for cities of 10,000, \$500; for incorporated villages, \$400; for townships, \$300. No discrimination is proposed between wine and beer licenses, and no brewer or liquor-dealer can sign a bond.

AT the opening of the Dominion Parliament, last week, the Governor-general, in his speech from the throne, said, regarding the fisheries and the issue involved with the United States, that all negotiations so far have failed, the United States not being willing to come to any agreement for a settlement. He adds that the Government will make arrangements this year for a better protection of the fisheries than last.

A PLÉBISCITE on the question of the liquor traffic was recently taken in Glasgow and its suburbs. There were 77,246 householders in favor of the people having complete control of the liquor traffic by their voter, and 8,535 against; 57,704 were in favor of entire prohibition and 19,411 against; 71,427 were favorable to a reduction in the present number of licensed houses and 9,501 against; 68,302 were opposed and 11,235 not opposed to all new licenses.

THE arrivals at Queenstown of emigrants on their way to the United States are at present enormous. The railways are running special trains to accommodate this class of travel. The number of emigrants now awaiting steamers to carry them to their destinations is already greater than can be housed in the hotels and lodging-houses, and many are camping in the streets. Fifteen hundred embarked in one day last week. Three thousand more were expected to arrive on Saturday to take steamers there.

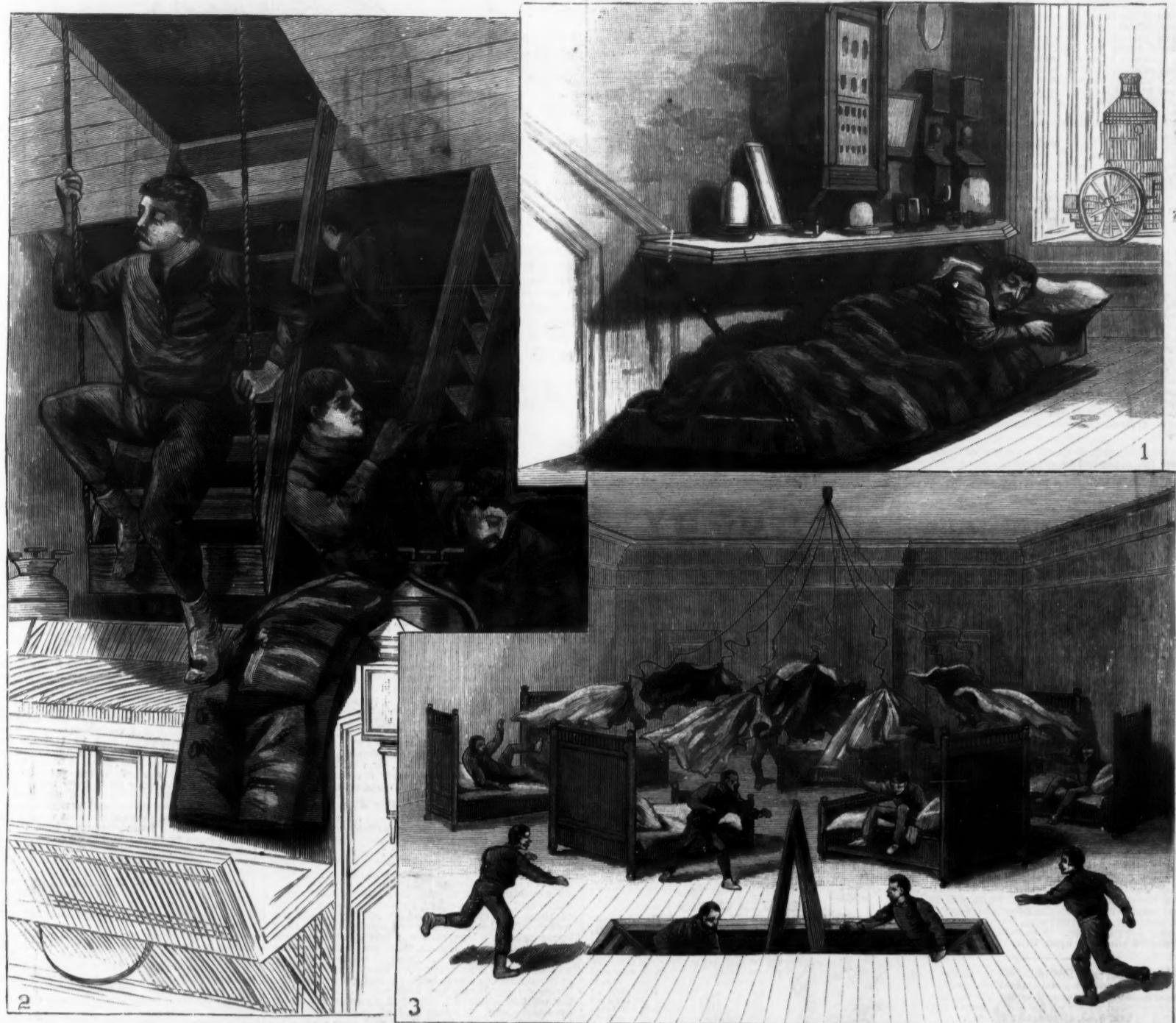
THE published statements of railroad earnings continue to make a favorable showing. The earnings for March were better by far than for February, and were nearly as large as those of the month of January. Only a few lines report diminished earnings, and they are mostly minor ones. The favorable statement for March, however, was undoubtedly largely due to the hurrying forward of freight so as to avoid the payment of higher rates that went into force at the beginning of this month as a result of the new Interstate Commerce law.

THE American Legation in London has again contradicted a false statement set afloat there in the interest of the so-called American Exhibition. The President of the United States, it was announced, would open the exhibition by telegraph. "This is," says the Legation, "erroneous, neither the President nor the Government of the United States having any connection whatever with the exhibition." There have been several withdrawals from the council of the exhibition of distinguished Englishmen whose names had been obtained by misrepresentations.

ANOTHER big railroad deal is reported. The statement is that the Georgia Central of Georgia, and the Florida Railway and Navigation Company's system of Florida, are to be bought up by the Richmond and West Point Terminal Syndicate. There are 550 miles of road in the Florida system, and if it has been captured by the syndicate, which already owns the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia, the purchasers will have a direct line into Florida with the exception of a seventy-mile gap between Jessup, Ga., and the nearest Florida connection.

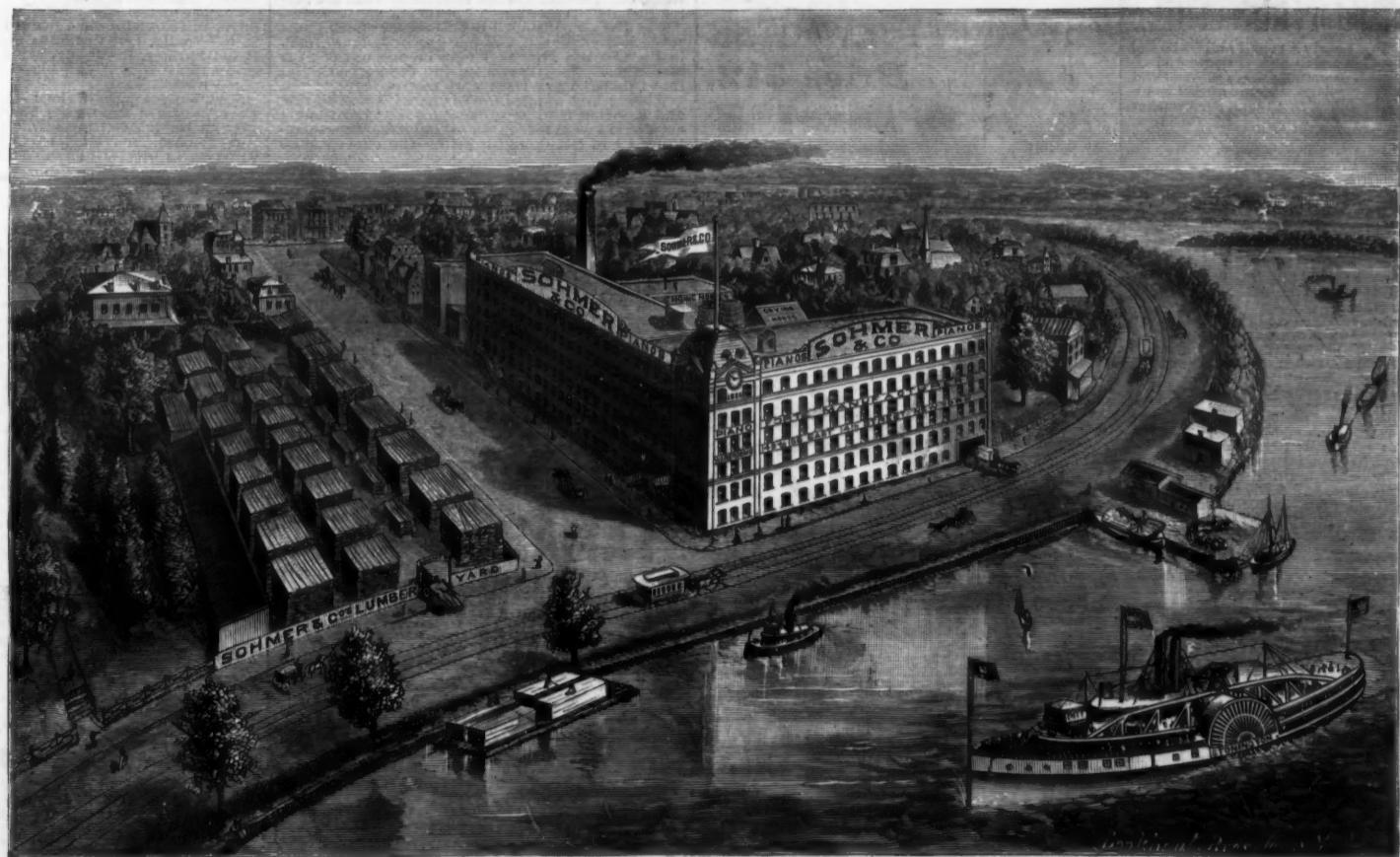


PENNSYLVANIA.—TYPES FROM THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB'S FIFTH BENCH SHOW OF DOGS, APRIL 19TH-22D.
SEE PAGE 154.



1. The Superintendent's Berth. 2. Descending into the Wagon. 3. Scene in the Dormitory at the Striking of an Alarm.

ILLINOIS.—NOVEL DEVICE FOR INSURING PROMPT RESPONSE TO NIGHT FIRE ALARMS, IN USE AT THE PATROL STATIONS OF CHICAGO.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 155.



THE PIANO INDUSTRY.—THE FACTORY OF SOHMER & CO., AT ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND, OPPOSITE NINETY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK.
SEE PAGE 155.

A LUCKY MERCHANT.

TWO PORTIONS OF THE \$150,000 LOUISIANA LOTTERY PRIZE WON HERE.

At one of the tables in a commercial lunch-room on Pine Street, a group of business men were gathered yesterday over their midday repast.

"Heard about the luck of one of the Dannenbaum brothers?" asked a bald-headed old chap, who has made a fortune in the hardware business.

"No," said the others in a breath.

"Won \$15,000 in the last Louisiana Lottery."

"You don't say so," exclaimed a red-faced gentleman, who has built a mansion on Van Ness Avenue with his profits on paints and oils. "When one was it, Sol?"

"The one with black whiskers," answered the hardware-capitalist.

"That's Joe," observed several of the company, and then they determined to try their own luck in the next drawing.

The sign of J. & S. Dannenbaum, wholesale dry-goods dealers, is easily discovered on Sansome Street, between Bush and Sutter. A *Call* reporter found the fortunate Joseph in his office at the back part of the store, filling out blank bank checks. He made no concealment of the fact that the March drawing at New Orleans had made him \$15,000 richer. About a week before it occurred he bought two tickets from a persuasive peddler of the coupons, who entered his place. One of them happened to be numbered 66,551, and this number drew the first capital prize of \$150,000. Joseph Dannenbaum thereupon sent on his certificate for one-tenth of that amount, and received his money through the London, Paris and American Bank of this city. His firm is well known here and in San Diego and Vallejo, where the brothers have stores.

Another local holder of a one-tenth coupon with the same number received his prize of \$15,000 through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank of this city, but he is averse to having his name disclosed, and it has not transpired.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call*, April 6th.

The fact that Mrs. James Brown Potter's portrait has not yet appeared in a London soap advertisement is pretty conclusive evidence that her *début* on the stage over there has not been an overwhelming success.—*Norristown Herald*.

A MINISTER'S STATEMENT.

I EXPECT TO BE BELIEVED IN ALL I AM ABOUT TO SAY.
I WRITE FOR THE GOOD OF OTHERS.

"I AM now at an age when a man should speak words of truth and soberness, having reached the allotted term of three score years and ten, and having devoted my time in the pulpit and at the teacher's desk to impressing lessons of wisdom on my fellows. I was long troubled with a stubborn and persistent affection of the kidneys and bladder. I also had painful gravel deposits, and at times enlargement and inflammation of the prostate gland. Despite all the professional help I could get I grew steadily worse. In this extremity I first learned of the virtues of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N.Y. I bought a bottle, and now I want to make known the good it has done me. The disease has relaxed its hold, and I look forward to spending the balance of my life free from bodily torture, and with a heart grateful for the medicine which affords me so pleasant a prospect.—Rev. S. C. Chandler, Lebanon Springs, N.Y."

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.

FISHING-SMACKS are used in angling for a husband.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATHARH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 264 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are indorsed by all the leading physicians and chemists, for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer and druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

I had Inflammatory Rheumatism

For nearly a year I had to be fed and turned in bed. I could find no relief. My stomach was ruined and cut to pieces with powerful medicines taken to effect a cure, so that I was compelled to live on bread and water. I suffered over twenty-five years in this way. I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and

I am Now Well.

With this medicine at hand I am enabled to enjoy a good night's rest, also food such as meat and pastry which I have been deprived of for twenty-five years. If any doubt this statement, I will send the proof at once.—GARRETT LANSING, Troy, N.Y.

Jay Sweet, Albany, N.Y., says: It is my pleasure, if not my absolute duty towards those who are struggling for very life against the deadly diseases of the kidneys, to add my testimony to the already weighty evidence of

THE MARVELOUS EFFICACY OF Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. My wife was a hopeless case, abandoned by the physicians. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N.Y., was resorted to; not because any hope was placed in it, but because nothing else remained. The effect was little short of a miracle. At the second bottle of the Favorite Remedy she had regained strength, and continuing the treatment she has fully recovered. Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N.Y., for book on Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Rondout, N.Y. All druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5.

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR, A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

Golden Hair Wash This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

One Cent Invested

in a postal card on which to send your address to HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you free, particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do, and live at home, wherever they are located, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 per day, and upwards. Some have earned over \$50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.



Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established. Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-Joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.

MUDGY MONTHS

worry and annoy all housekeepers. They sweep, sweep, sweep, to get out the mud and dirt that's tracked in, and the carpets are worn, the women worried, and still the house isn't clean. Why not get a Hartman Patent Steel Wire Door Mat, and save all this? It does the business, cleans quick, lasts pretty nearly forever, always in order, cleans itself, looks neat, is wear and weather proof, and don't cost much. Isn't it worth trying? If they are not sold in your town drop a note to the

HARTMAN STEEL CO., Limited, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

140 Congress St., BOSTON; 88 Chambers St., NEW YORK; 103 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

By the way, while you are writing, ask for a picture circular of their Steel Picket Fence.

SNOW'S

Traveler's Cap and Head-Rest Combined.

The combination of a Pillow within a Traveler's Cap, a head-rest and something that cannot fail to be appreciated. Although to external appearances like other silk caps, it has concealed within its lining an air-cushion, which may be inflated at will, thus forming a soft head-rest which enables one to lean comfortably against any hard substance.

The pads, when exhausted of air, add but a trifle to the bulk of the cap. *Get them at any place you will be without cost when traveling.* Made of fine Blue Gros Grain Silk, with Satin Lining. All sizes, \$1.50 each. Ask your Hatter for them. If not found, they will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. State size cap usually worn. Address the Manufacturers,

GEORGE FROST & CO.

287 DEVONSHIRE STREET, BOSTON.

THE SUN TYPEWRITER

Price \$12.

A Perfect Machine

For business purposes or home use.

EASY ACTION, RAPID WORK, DURABLE, COMPLETE.

Will be shipped anywhere, C. O. D., with privilege of examination; and if not satisfactory, can be returned by merely paying express charges both ways. Address

SUN TYPEWRITER CO.,
319 Broadway, New York City.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The "Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Catarrh, &c." Containing the most valuable medicines with Jamaica Ginger, it exerts a great power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing ill of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is new life and strength to the aged. 50c. at Druggists.

Rondout, N.Y. All druggists. \$1; 6 for \$5.

HALLE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR,

A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed.

Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.

GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.

Golden Hair Wash This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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It is Absurd

For people to expect a cure for Indigestion, unless they refrain from eating what is unwholesome; but if anything will sharpen the appetite and give tone to the digestive organs, it is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Thousands all over the land testify to the merits of this medicine.

Mrs. Sarah Burroughs, of 248 Eighth street, South Boston, writes: "My husband has taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla, for Dyspepsia and torpid liver, and has been greatly benefited."

A Confirmed Dyspeptic.

C. Canterbury, of 141 Franklin st., Boston, Mass., writes, that, suffering for years from Indigestion, he was at last induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla and, by its use, was entirely cured.

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of High street, Holyoke, Mass., suffered for over a year from Dyspepsia, so that she could not eat substantial food, became very weak, and was unable to care for her family. Neither the medicines prescribed by physicians, nor any of the remedies advertised for the cure of Dyspepsia, helped her, until she commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Three bottles of this medicine," she writes, "cured me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

I Game Authors, I Game Dominos, 14 New Songs, 16 Complete Stories, Agt's Sample Book and this Ring, 10c. 6 lots 50c. VANN & CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.

H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS

These Paints are in every respect strictly first-class, being composed of the best and purest materials obtainable. They have a larger sale than any other paints made in this country or abroad, and, although they cost a trifle more per gallon, they will do more and better work for the same amount of money, owing to their wonderful covering properties, while their superior durability renders them the most economical paints in the world. Sample Sheets and Descriptive Price List free by mail.

H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO.,

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

H. W. Johns' Fire and Water-Proof Asbestos Roofing, Sheathing, Building Felt, Asbestos Steam Packings, Boiler Coverings, Roof Paints, Fire-Proof Paints, etc. VULCABESTON. Molded Piston-Rod Packing, Rings, Gaskets, Sheet Packing, etc. Established 1858 87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK. CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA.

We are pleased to answer inquiries from all who contemplate painting their houses; to make suggestions regarding colors to be used, and give estimate of quantity and cost of Paints necessary. Correspondents will please give particulars regarding size, style, situation and surroundings of their buildings, and send photographs when possible.



4 Times for 1 Cent.

For 25cts. you can obtain of your Druggist—or we will send it post-paid by mail.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

This will enable you to shave with Ease and Comfort over 100 times or 4 times for 1 cent.

A Toilet Elegance that all gentlemen who shave themselves will appreciate.

Address,

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.
For 50 years Mfrs. of famous Genuine Yankee Soap.

WHITE TAR CAMPHORETTE

is the best preservative of garments, furs, carpets, and everything else that may be destroyed by moths or any other insect. For sale at druggists' and fancy goods stores. Agents wanted.

S. BERNHEIM, Gen'l Agt., 351 B'dway, N. Y.

BEECHER

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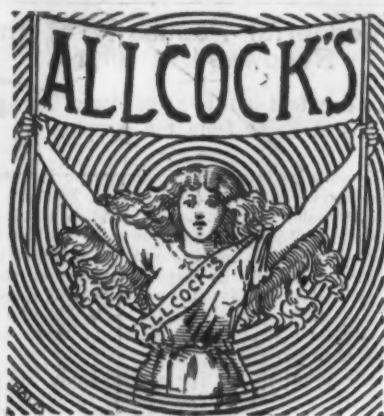
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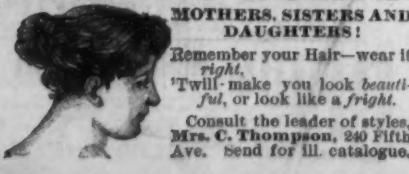
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